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Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Choose Not To Use Archive Warnings , Graphic Depictions Of Violence , Major Character Death
Category:	F/F
Fandom:	Overwatch (Video Game)
Relationship:	Fareeha "Pharah" Amari/Angela "Mercy" Ziegler
Character:	Fareeha "Pharah" Amari , Angela "Mercy" Ziegler , Hana "D.Va" Song , Lena "Tracer" Oxtan , Ana Amari , Reinhardt Wilhelm , Aleksandra "Zarya" Zaryanova , Kamaji Amari , Ansel Amari , Adie Amari
Additional Tags:	Prompt Fic , Tumblr Prompt , Gay birds , birdmoms - Freeform , Fluff , puns , there are good days , Smut , Bad Pick-Up Lines , Original Character(s) , Amari Kids , McCree is a terrible wingman , writing this is making me google things that are hard to explain , homophobic teens are assholes , Mama-bear Pharah , Coming Out , Pharmercy , First Times , Too much fluff , where's my angst going , found my angst , PWP
Series:	Part 1 of "I Love You" in Birdmom
Stats:	Published: 2017-03-21 Completed: 2017-04-10 Chapters: 101/101 Words: 39727

100 Ways to say "I Love You" in Birdmom

by [Lunari](#)

Summary

Take a trip through the lives of our favorite birdmoms, our Rocket Angel, our PharMercy as I complete a crazy Tumblr challenge to give these ladies something fancy for 100 prompts.

There's love, there's tears, there's angst and yes, even smut.

So come along, enjoy the ride.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

The prompts...

Chapter Summary

Any warnings or notes will be added to the start of each chapter along with any tidbits of info to make reading easier.

The challenge is complete!

Thank you to everyone who stuck with me through the whole thing, your comments and love kept me going even when the chapter 80 slump was hitting.

As a reward for your support, please read the note at the end of chapter 101 (Prompt 100: I love you)

Completed Prompts

1. ~~"Pull over. Let me drive for a while."~~
2. ~~"It reminded me of you."~~
3. ~~"No, no, it's my treat."~~
4. ~~"Come here. Let me fix it."~~
5. ~~"I'll walk you home."~~
6. ~~"Have a good day at work."~~
7. ~~"I dreamt about you last night."~~
8. ~~"Take my seat."~~
9. ~~"I saved a piece for you."~~
10. ~~"I'm sorry for your loss."~~
11. ~~"You can have half."~~
12. ~~"Take my jacket, it's cold outside."~~
13. ~~"Sorry I'm late."~~
14. ~~"Can I have this dance?"~~
15. ~~"I made your favorite."~~
16. ~~"It's okay. I couldn't sleep anyway."~~
17. ~~"Watch your step."~~
18. ~~"Here, drink this. You'll feel better."~~
19. ~~"Can I hold your hand?"~~
20. ~~"You can borrow mine."~~

21. "You might like this."
22. "It's not heavy. I'm stronger than I look."
23. "I'll wait."
24. "Just because."
25. "Look both ways."
26. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to."
27. "Try some."
28. "Drive safely."
29. "Well, what do you want to do?"
30. "One more chapter."
31. "Don't worry about me."
32. "It looks good on you."
33. "Close your eyes and hold out your hands."
34. "That's okay, I bought two."
35. "After you."
36. "We'll figure it out."
37. "Can I kiss you?"
38. "I like your laugh."
39. "Don't cry."
40. "I made this for you."
41. "Go back to sleep."
42. "Is this okay?"
43. "I picked these for you."
44. "I'll drive you to the hospital."
45. "What do you want to watch?"
46. "You can go first."
47. "Did you get my letter?"
48. "I'll do it for you."
49. "Call me when you get home."
50. "I think you're beautiful."
51. "Are you sure?"
52. "Have fun."
53. "Sit down, I'll get it."
54. "I made reservations."
55. "I don't mind."
56. "It brings out your eyes."
57. "There is enough room for both of us."
58. "You don't have to say anything."
59. "Wow."
60. "Happy birthday."
61. "I'll pick it up after work."
62. "It can wait until tomorrow."
63. "Cross my heart and hope to die."
64. "It's two sugars, right?"
65. "I'll help you study."
66. "Stay over."
67. "I did the dishes."
68. "You didn't have to ask."
69. "I bought you a ticket."
70. "You're warm."
71. "No reason."
72. "I'll meet you halfway."
73. "Take mine."

74. ~~"We can share."~~
75. ~~"I was just thinking about you."~~
76. ~~"I want you to have this."~~
77. ~~"Call me if you need anything."~~
78. ~~"Do you want to come too?"~~
79. ~~"I'll still be here when you're ready."~~
80. ~~"Is your seatbelt on?"~~
81. ~~"Sweet dreams."~~
82. ~~"I was in the neighborhood."~~
83. ~~"Stay there. I'm coming to get you."~~
84. ~~"The key is under the mat."~~
85. ~~"It doesn't bother me."~~
86. ~~"You're important too."~~
87. ~~"I saved you a seat."~~
88. ~~"I'll see you later."~~
89. ~~"I noticed."~~
90. ~~"You can tell me anything."~~
91. "I hope you like it."
92. ~~"I want you to be happy."~~
93. ~~"I believe in you."~~
94. ~~"You can do it."~~
95. ~~"Good luck."~~
96. ~~"I brought you an umbrella."~~
97. ~~"I'll pick you up at the airport."~~
98. ~~"Take a deep breath."~~
99. ~~"Be careful."~~
100. "I love you."

It reminded me of you.

Chapter Summary

In which Pharah receives a new pet.

No warnings apply.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“What is that?” Fareeha asked with a slight grimace as Angela proudly held up a squirming ball of hair and hatred.

“He was all alone in Ilios and he kept following me, giving me the saddest look. Meowing and meowing. He just wouldn’t get the hint.” The doctor said, giving the cat a loving scratch under the chin.

“So you brought it home...?” Fareeha nearly mumbled as she gave the cat a once over, taking in its patchy fur and wrinkles.

“Well yes, he was just so cute and persistent. He reminded me of you!”

Fareeha’s eyes darted up to her girlfriend’s. “In looks or personality?” She deadpanned.

Chapter End Notes

The cat in question is a Lykoi.

I saved a piece for you.

Chapter Summary

In which Fareeha gives Angela a gift.

No warnings apply.

The surprise party went off without a hitch. Lena, as always, had gone above and beyond the celebrations for Fareeha's birthday. The only thing the spritely Brit hadn't accounted for was Angela's needed presence in the medical wing. Nevertheless, Fareeha wasn't going to let the good doctor go without a bit of sugar, so she made her way to the clinic, plate of chocolate fudge cake in her hand.

As she approached the doors they swung open, their newest recruit flying out, knocking into Fareeha, sending the plate of cake into her abdomen. The recruit sped down the hall without so much as a "sorry."

Sighing, she turned to head back to the commons. She'd probably have to tear the last piece from Hana's hands. A giggle from within the clinic stopped her in her tracks.

"I take it the party is over?" Angela asked. "Was the cake good?"

Fareeha stepped into the room, hand moving up to cup Angela's face. She gave her shirt a playful tug and wiggled her brow suggestively.

"Yes, I saved a piece for you."

I'm sorry for your loss.

Chapter Summary

In which Fareeha gets snarky.

No warnings apply.

“Well, it seems you’ll be on bed rest until that’s healed.” Angela said as she gave the finishing touches to the bandage wrapped around Fareeha’s recent injury. At the pilot’s suggestive look, Angela clarified “NO strenuous activity!”

Fareeha scoffed. “Well then, I’m sorry for your loss.”

It's okay. I couldn't sleep anyway.

Chapter Summary

In which Hana is a spoil-sport.

No warnings apply.

(I fully buy in to Hana being their baby bird under wing)

Angela had finally drifted off on the couch in the commons. Sure, coming off of fifty-two hours of triage and surgeries she probably could have found a better place to rest, but other places didn't have Fareeha humming to herself as she tinkered on her tablet, changing bits of code for the Raptora's HUD.

The calm atmosphere was interrupted by Hana sliding into the room, voice carrying easily against the concrete walls. "Moms! Come check out this sick play I just made!" She punctuated her statement with a bellyflop onto the body that was strewn across the couch.

Angela shot awake at the assault, earning Hana a glare from Fareeha. Angela waved off her wife with a grumble. "It's okay. I couldn't sleep anyway."

Can I hold your hand?

Chapter Summary

In which the birds cry.

Warnings: Character Death

The room was cold and quiet. Why must hospital rooms be cold? It was as if it were some passive way to preserve the bodies a bit longer, give the medicines time to work. It was as if it were some bastardized version of cryo-sleep, but even cryo sleep wouldn't fix this.

Angela had noticed the signs. She'd ran the tests, studied the blood, opted for more permanent solutions like affixing the nanites to her bone marrow instead of only in her bloodstream. She'd tried everything and yet she was still here, laying on the bed with wires and tubes surrounding her.

Fareeha sat at the bedside in the standard torture device universally provided in every hospital, her arms folded on the bed, head dropped with her cheek plastered to her forearm as she slept, the first real sleep she'd gotten in the days since Angela's health started to dwindle.

Angela summoned the last of her strength to raise a weak hand to card her fingers through her lover's hair. The soft touch startled the pilot awake and Fareeha's head immediately shot up, eyes landing on the pale figure before her.

Angela swallowed and closed her eyes, tears threatening to push past her closed lids. "I think it's time, love."

The shifting emotions on Fareeha's face were hard to track, but she finally settled on stubborn anger. "Don't talk like that, ya amar. We'll figure-"

"There is no more that can be done, we both know this." She paused, taking a steadying breath. "This is the end, Fareeha."

Fareeha sobbed, her left hand shooting to cover her mouth as if she could mask the fear and panic the doctor's words awoken within her. The pilot leaned forward, tears already slipping down her cheeks.

"Don't cry, I want to remember you smiling." Angela's words only made Fareeha's tears come faster.

"But I need you, Angela." She gasped between breathy sobs. Angela smiled and repeated the sentiment back before wincing at a stab of pain.

"I'm scared. What will I do without my constant protector?"

Fareeha looked at her in disbelief. "What will I do without my guardian angel?"

The silence took over then, only interrupted by the sniffing of noses. Angela turned her shaky hand, the effort it took clear on her face.

"Will you hold my hand?"

Go back to sleep.

Chapter Summary

In which Fareeha makes a choice.

No warnings apply.

The rain crashing into the window masked the footsteps as Fareeha made her way to their shared quarters. She'd just completed last minute repairs to her Raptora and brought the oily smell of the mech bay along with her. The blonde lump on the bed only grumbled as she sat on the edge of the bed, Fareeha's hand running a familiar path from Angela's shoulder to hip before giving a reassuring squeeze. Though who she was trying to reassure was lost on her.

The missions had been coming faster in these last few weeks, Talon becoming more and more foolhardy in their attempts to throw off anyone attempting to catalog their movements. Every time that Fareeha donned the Raptora, she was leaving it to fate on how it was coming back off. When would the day come that it was the woman before her that would have to remove it from her corpse?

Heaving a heavy sigh at the morose train of thought, she gave another squeeze to her lover. Angela stirred, cracking bleary eyes and casting them about the room in still-asleep confusion.

"Shh, ya amar, go back to sleep." Fareeha whispered as she leaned down, dropping a soft kiss on the woman's temple, her lips lingering as if trying to memorize the feeling of her smooth skin. Angela made a small sound in the back of her throat as she rolled over. Fareeha swallowed the emotion creeping its way up her throat and stood, grabbing her duffle from beside the door. She wouldn't look back.

She couldn't look back.

She would walk out of the door as she did every time without casting her eyes back to her partner.

If she did, she would never leave.

I think you're beautiful

Chapter Summary

In which Angela is nervous.

No warnings apply.

Angela stood in shock, staring at the mirror. More specifically, the deep scarring running from her ear to her collarbone. At least the flight suit will cover it, so no scaring civilians. She grouched to herself. The mechanical hiss of her door opening was the only warning she had before Fareeha stepped into the room. The blonde's hand shot to her neck, not wanting the first thing her lover saw of her in three weeks be scarring from a lab malfunction.

One look at the newcomer's face and Angela knew she'd already seen. Angela's lip began to tremble and she bit down on it as if punishing it for stepping out of line.

The pilot gave the woman a knowing look, reading every fear and worry that flashed across Angela's face. Fareeha walked over and levered Angela's hand away from her scar, warm and tanned hand replacing the doctor's. The pilot gave a loving stroke to the scar tissue with her thumb before using her soft grip to pull Angela into a kiss. She pressed their foreheads together once the kiss was ended.

“I think you're beautiful.”

There is enough room for both of us.

Chapter Summary

In which the birds take flight.

No warnings apply.

Angela never liked the “team building exercises” that Lena forced on everyone. Or should she say “forced group sparring.” As the ammo consisted of blanks and their enemies simply simulations formed by Athena, her job as field medic wasn’t one that could easily be practiced. Instead, she opted for darting between her teammates and snapping the Caduceus’ locking system onto her team. Perhaps with enough practice, she’d be able to perform this in her sleep. She’d have plenty of time to make it second nature if Lena had a say on it.

She was so deep in her thoughts that she barely missed the whine of engines and solid metallic thunk of Pharah landing beside her. The pilot’s grin was visible beneath the beak of her helmet, her hand outstretched to the doctor. Mercy merely stood there a moment, eyes transfixed on the woman before her.

When the medic didn’t move, the pilot reached forward and gave a playful tug to Mercy’s fingers. “The sky is pretty big, doctor. There is enough room for both of us.”

Pull over. Let me drive for a while.

Chapter Summary

In which Fareeha is losing it.

No warnings apply.

(I have a weird desire for them to have twin boys, so here we go. They'll be recurring in this work, though the chapters are not related)

Fareeha swore her eye was twitching, be it in time with her thudding heart or the battle cries coming from the twins in the back seat as they fought over who's window was who's. They were six hours into the trip with another four to go and she was about five hours past the point of cursing Angela's "a road trip would be fun!"

A calming hand settled over her thigh. Angela gave a gentle smile and small wave of a pair of ear plugs when her wife glanced over. "Pull over and give these a try. Let me drive for a while."

I dreamt about you last night

Chapter Summary

In which Ana writes a letter.

No warnings apply.

My dearest Fareeha,

I have always wanted more for you than what I had. Is that not the driving force behind any good parent? I did not want you to face the trials I had, be forced to make the decisions I had. I did not want you to suffer the way I have.

When you made the decision to fight, my heart stopped in my chest. I spent so long blaming myself, surely I had gone wrong somewhere along the line. Surely it was my fault that you chose that route. But I see now that you have too much of me in you. Too much of your father. You could never be the person to sit idly by while there are wrongs to be righted.

And for that, I am so very proud of you.

You are truly an amazing woman, Fareeha. You have achieved so much and done such good in this world. You are fearless, kind and loving. You have balanced yourself in a way I could never attain.

When you were first placed in my arms, I dreamed of your life, your future. I dreamed about you growing old in a quiet house, far from the reaches of war and strife.

I dreamed of you happy with your loved one, children all grown with children of their own.

I dreamed of a life without heartache and loss.

When I heard of your attachment to our mutual friend, I was shocked. I was amazed that a silly childhood crush had not only lasted but was returned. You are making a beautiful life for yourself with Angela.

And for that, I am so very proud of you.

Your mother,

Ana

I'll walk you home

Chapter Summary

In which we get some fluff.

No warnings apply.

The date had finally dwindled to standard nervous smiles and awkward pauses as the two women made their way down the hallway. Angela glanced up at Fareeha, her bright blue eyes hidden by lashes as she reached over with a coy smile and linked pinkies with the taller woman.

Fareeha grinned, tugging on the medic's hand as they slowed to a stop at Fareeha's door. Both women deep in thought, debating on an ending kiss to their first date. The pilot softly smiled as she used her free hand to move aside Angela's bangs, fingertips lightly caressing the woman's cheek.

"I had a wonderful time tonight." Fareeha punctuated her statement with a soft thumb along her date's jawline. Angela's free hand moved to the taller woman's waist as she stepped closer. Following the medic's lead, Fareeha dipped her head, bringing herself a breath's distance from Angela. They hovered there for a moment, both nervous and giddy before Angela finally shot up to her toes and closed the distance.

Angela hadn't expected some movie worthy kiss. She'd seen enough "real life" to know that something of that magnitude only involved scripting and usually overdone fireworks. She didn't expect a storybook kiss that went hand in hand with a lightning strike and tingling lips.

She didn't expect her heart to stop and every bit of her world become the pilot before her, all chapped lips and the faint smell of grease. She dropped Fareeha's hand and moved to wrap both arms around the woman's neck, Fareeha's hands moving to cradle the back of her head and small of her waist. The kiss deepened, quickly maturing from the testing and exploration it began as.

Fareeha was the first to pull away, giving the woman three quick pecks on her lips as she moved her hands to Angela's hips, thumbs caressing her slowly.

"As this is the end of a wonderful date, I suppose I should do the chivalrous thing and walk you home." Fareeha's voice was slightly raspy and the sound made a shiver run down Angela's spine, thoughts of that raspy voice in a much more private setting invading her thoughts. So distracted was she that it took a moment for the woman's words to register.

"Walk me home?" Angela said, coming out of her stupor. She raised an eyebrow and pointedly looked at her room, two doors down. "I don't know, it's so awfully far."

You can have half

Chapter Summary

In which the birds need some comfort.

No warnings apply.

Sniffles and a raspy cough joined with the soft blips of Hana's handheld as she and Angela sat on the couch. Angela was huddled in the corner against the armrest, Hana leaning against her and a fuzzy blanket around them both. Another sniffing fit caused Angela to grab up another handful of tissues while grumbling about useless nanites.

After cleaning herself up as much as she could, she dropped her head to the side and let it rest against the back of the couch with a groan. Hana glanced up at her before pressing into her a bit, a silent and no-armed hug.

Angela just wrapped a weak arm around her and tried to smile, but it only brought on more coughing. She was just about to launch the dangerous and lengthy mission of leaning forward for her bottle of water and cough drops when the door burst open.

A raging Fareeha stormed into the room, curses about new recruits and their reckless habits falling from snarled lips. She stopped mid-rant when she saw the scene on the couch. Angela was sure that she'd stopped in order to offer her comfort as she usually did when the medic was down for the count. She was quite mistaken.

"Great, now how am I supposed to feel better?" The Egyptian asked. Hana's attention didn't move from her game, but Angela followed Fareeha's gaze to their quasi-adopted daughter. The girl slowly noticed the silence and two pairs of eyes and looked up.

Fareeha flopped on the couch, a full pout pulling at her lips. "I wanted to cuddle her." If there was a whine in her voice, she'd deny it until her dying breath. Angela sighed, causing another coughing fit to take over. When she'd calmed down, she nudged Hana toward her wife.

"Fine, you can have half."

I'll do it for you

Chapter Summary

In which things get messy.

No warnings apply.

(Dark-ish Mercy)

When it came to Angela, there weren't many things on the Doctor's grudge list. She'd forgiven and moved on from many of those that had wronged her. There were still a few names on that list: those responsible for her parents' death and Ana Amari.

Angela had never truly accepted the depth of betrayal that took place that had lead to the creation of the woman's biotic rifle. She never believed the honeyed words that spoke of greater goods and weapons in the right hands. She never trusted the founders again. Her attitude toward the entity of Overwatch had shifted. If they would betray those that they deemed one of them, what atrocities were they committing to those they felt they needed to fight?

No, she was no longer friends, comrades... family to Ana Amari.

It was a testament to her compartmentalization that she could hold such animosity toward the mother of her girlfriend. She hadn't transferred any negative feelings from mother to daughter, she'd never ranted or insulted the sniper in front of Fareeha. The pilot knew there were issues there, of course, but was willing to let things slide as long as things stayed civil.

Things were past that point now.

"Angela, please!" Fareeha begged, shaking hand grasping the Doctor's sleeve as she turned to leave. The pilot's head was hung as if the weight of the last few days was physically pulling her down. "She's... I can't lose her... not again." The words were whispered, barely a breath over lips, but Angela heard her as if she'd shouted.

The medic froze, heart at war with her mind. Ana had stolen from someone she called a daughter, she'd lied, cheated, *killed* using the very tech that Angela had pioneered for *saving* lives. If Ana Amari was dying, she could use her own damn nanites to heal herself.

Steeled with this new resolve, Angela straightened her back, trying desperately to add height, eyes flashing cold blue. She'd just opened her mouth when Fareeha looked up, tear-filled eyes locking on to her own, lip quivering.

The shock of seeing tears in her love's eyes slammed into her. Only once had she witnessed Fareeha cry: the day she learned her mother still lived. *Of course, both instances were her mother.* She thought, darkly. A broken sob from the pilot tugged her back to the present.

"If you won't because of your hatred of her, your distrust of her, whatever animosity you have against her, please... Please, Angela, do it so I won't have to lose her a second time." Another soul wrenching sob. "I can't do it again."

Angela's heart broke along with her resolve. "Fine." She shoved past the woman, tugging her arm away from Fareeha's grip on her coat. "But only for you."

I bought you a ticket

Chapter Summary

In which Fareeha is terrible at jokes.

No warnings apply.

Hurried steps echoed through the halls as Angela rushed to the training room. A frantic call from Fareeha had her heart leaping into her throat. She'd asked for Dr. Ziegler instead of Angela or even Mercy, which made her fear for Fareeha's health. She rounded the corner and nearly slammed into the door, frantically sweeping her keycard against the panel.

As she burst into the room, she noticed Fareeha sitting on a bench, elbows on knees and head hung, shoulders shaking slightly. Aleks stood nearby, her face unreadable.

Angela approached cautiously, hand slowly coming to rest on the woman's shoulder as she knelt. Shock coursed through her as she saw a huge grin on her girlfriend's face. "Fareeha!"

"Angela, I bought you a ticket." The pilot interrupted, barely keeping her mirth from her voice. From the corner of her eye, Angela saw Zarya face palm.

"A... ticket?" The Doctor asked, eyes flitting between Fareeha and the Russian, silently begging for answers. She could have sworn she heard a mumbled "this was a terrible idea" from the pink haired woman.

Fareeha proudly sat up, flexing her arms and showing off delicious muscles. "Yeah, to the gun show!"

Angela's brain stopped as it tried to process what had just happened. When it finally caught up, she began swatting at her girlfriend. Fareeha just laughed but that only made the hits come harder.

Aleks slowly inched her way out, ignoring the cries for help and definitely not looking back to see the pilot cowering from the petite healer.

I'll drive you to the hospital

Chapter Summary

In which Fareeha is scared.

Slight injury/depiction of blood warning.

A frightened shriek cuts through the quiet house seconds before a shattering crash from the kitchen. A grease-covered Fareeha dashes in from the garage, worry clear on her face.

Standing in the middle of the kitchen is Angela, sharp remains of glassware surrounding her. As Fareeha takes in the damage, she notices splashes of red, nearly hearing the drops of blood hit the floor in the silence between them.

“I-” Angela starts, tears clogging her throat. Her shock is slowly wearing off as she clinically assesses the damage. Tissue damage, possible glass fragments. Fareeha steps forward, boots crunching on glass, and grabs Angela’s forearm with one hand, reaching for a towel with the other. She frantically starts to wrap the towel around Angela’s injured hand.

“I’m taking you to the hospital.” The panic seeps into her voice, her eyes hard on the injured hand. She bends to pick the medic up but is stopped by an out of place giggle.

“Love, I *am* a hospital.”

I'll pick you up at the airport.

Chapter Summary

In which Angela forgets herself for a moment.

No warnings apply.

(Slightly AU)

Angela's phone rang and her heart sped up when she saw Fareeha's grinning face on the ID. She quickly scrambled to pick up the phone before it went to voice mail.

She'd been expecting the call in a few hours. Homebound soldiers didn't have the best itineraries but they never ran early. She'd not seen her wife in six months, not since her deployment overseas. Tonight would be the first she'd even spoken to her in two weeks. With a shaking hand, she raised the phone to her ear, grin already stretching ear to ear.

"Hey you." Came the soldier's voice and Angela's heart melted.

"Hey yourself." Angela leaned back, hugging herself, grin not wavering. "I didn't expect you yet, is everything okay?" She could already tell Fareeha was fine from the tone of her voice, it was merely a way to get the woman talking so she could bask in the sound of her wife's voice for a few more moments.

"Yeah, ya amar, we just landed a bit early. I'll be home soon."

Angela could barely contain the girlish squeal, masking it instead with a cleared throat. "Oh, I'll pick you up from the airport then!"

"Love, I *am* an airport."

You can tell me anything

Chapter Summary

In which the birds need to communicate better.

No warnings apply.

Fareeha had stopped showing up to meals. She'd not popped into the med bay in a week as was her habit before now. Angela would catch small glimpses of her from time to time which was the only proof she had that the pilot was still at the Watchpoint.

Angela would try to catch the woman when she saw her. Try to start and keep a conversation that lasted longer than a few short words. Each time the pilot would mumble an excuse before darting off. It had been two days since the last such occurrence. Now, Angela was at a breaking point.

There was one place in the Watchpoint one could usually find an Amari. The eastern lookout tower, the last one standing. Up to this point, Angela had promised herself that she wouldn't go there, that whatever Fareeha was running from, she still needed her sanctuary. Angela still felt that her friend needed that space, she was convincing herself of this fact even as she climbed the stairs to the roof access.

She cracked the door as silently as she could and scanned the roof. As expected, there sat Fareeha on the edge, arms crossed over the support railing, feet dangling above the drop. With a small sigh, the doctor made her way toward the woman.

"Fareeha." She breathed. If the pilot was startled she didn't show it. She didn't show much of anything and for a moment, Angela second guessed her coming up to a place Fareeha obviously felt safe. After another pregnant pause where Fareeha didn't move be it to leave or shoo the doctor away, Angela moved closer and sat next to her, careful to leave enough space should the woman need to dart away. "I'm here for you, Fareeha. If you need to talk, I'll listen."

Fareeha shook her head slightly, the movement nearly concealed by the wind whipping her hair.

Angela reached a hand over and lightly touched her shoulder, biting back the hurt when she flinched. "You can tell me anything."

Fareeha's scoff was like a stab wound. "Not this." Her voice wavered. "This would ruin everything."

Silence crept over the pair, Angela slowly withdrawing her hand. Following the silence came awkwardness and then a sense of intrusion. Angela was making to stand, words of assurance on her tongue when Fareeha spoke.

"I have feelings for you." She said flatly, stopping Angela mid-movement. "I've been trying to ignore them, to write them off as some childish admiration that took root and hasn't left." The words started pouring as if the earlier admittance was the first crack in a shattering dam. "I tried staying away but it only hurt, I tried a professional distance but I could still see your pain and confusion." She looked over then, chocolate eyes locking onto crystal blue. "And all of *that* and everything I've just said has rui-

Fareeha's words were swiftly cut off as Angela quickly leaned into her, lips meeting in a show of promise and comfort. The medic sat back slightly, hand caressing the other woman's hair from her temple. "Oh, Fareehali. You have ruined nothing."

Don't Cry

Chapter Summary

In which I hate myself a bit for writing this.

Warnings: Depiction of violence. Character death. I'm kind of dying.

Ana's anguished scream nearly masked the sound of armor piercing rounds ripping apart the Raptora's armor. All eyes shot to the sky in time to witness Pharah fall, another shot lancing through her abdomen as she fell. Ana was already sprinting in her daughter's direction, followed by Reinhardt.

Ana's anguished scream echoed along the city storefronts, alerting Tracer and Zarya to the hit Captian. All eyes shot to the sky in time to witness Pharah's helmet fly away, a projectile sparking against the metal. Zarya and Tracer took off, running to meet the patch of land beneath the falling pilot.

Ana's anguished scream was transmitted through the comms, shocking Mercy to her core as she healed a small boy from shrapnel damage. All eyes shot to the sky in time to witness Pharah's flailing limbs as she tried to right herself, even as more shots cut through the air. Mercy's heart stopped as she rushed forward, locking on to civilians, teammates and enemies alike to pull herself quickly toward the dying woman.

The agents arrived just in time for Zarya to project a shield on the Captain, allowing Reinhardt to catch her with limited damage. Ana was already there, nanite dart in her hand, physically plunging it into her daughter's exposed neck. Reinhardt tried his best not to jostle her as he moved the trio to more shelter. Ana was barking orders as she fumbled for a second nanite dart, bloody fingers slipping against glass and metal: get a perimeter, get the civilians to safety, watch for flanking enemies, where the fuck is Mercy?!

Ana frantically looked up to search for the woman once her second nanite dart made purchase in her daughter's skin. Careening towards them was the blonde doctor, fear and panic etched across her face. Her nanite beam connected before she'd even cleared the perimeter the others were forming. She dropped to her knees as she reached Pharah, her momentum causing the pavement and shattered store windows to chew into her knees and shins but the pain was ignored.

Don't cry.

The nanites worked their magic knitting together flesh, muscle, bone. Ana fell back to her heels, hands shaking. Reinhardt's hand dropped to her back, making the sniper look even frailer. The light of the healing stream casting strange shadows around the group, causing Fareeha's face to look more sunken, or perhaps that was the pain and blood loss.

Don't cry.

A bloody gauntlet covered hand reached up and weakly grasped Mercy's forearm as she shakily held her Caduceus, eyes looking anywhere but the dying woman before her. At the warm touch, she chanced a look at Pharah and finally took in the scope of damage. Yes the nanites were working, but not fast enough.

Don't cry.

The world fell away as Mercy analytically made a list of injuries, cataloging each one and making note of surgeries, grafts, transfusions, donor lists, and transplants. A gurgled breath ripped her from her mental lists and her eyes locked with pained, honeyed brown.

Don't cry.

Mercy bit her lip, forcing the tears clogging her throat to recede as she willed the nanites to work faster, do more. A small sob broke through her defenses when the bloody hand on her arm moved up to cradle her jaw before dropping away.

Don't cry.

She looked back to Fareeha and saw sadness. Fareeha knew she was hurting those around her, knew that her fight was over.

She looked back to Fareeha and saw understanding. Fareeha knew she was dying. Knew there was nothing that could be done.

She looked back to Fareeha and saw her own failure. Mercy knew that if she were here sooner, if she'd been in the sky with her, Fareeha would be alive.

Silence shouldn't echo. It shouldn't deafen, it shouldn't be a roar. But with the absence of the Caduceus beam and Fareeha's ragged breaths, it was thunderous.

Ana fell forward, hands tiny against the twisted metal of the Raptora's chest plate, fingers digging at bits of metal as she tried to do something, anything, to fix her baby girl.

Angela only sat, heart and brain as flatlined as the woman on the ground before her, bloody handprint on her neck feeling like a brand.

Don't cry.

Don't.

Cry.

A heart-wrenching sob tore from the doctor as she switched on the healing beam once more, thumb flicking a lever to raise the density of nanites sweeping into the pilot's body. Her staff giving off a distress signal, dangerous levels of nanite injections, nanite supply low.

Don't.

"You can't leave me." Angela whispered, head hanging, hand on the pilot's chest.

Cry.

Angela slammed her fist into the concrete as the beam dwindled down to nothing, dropping the pair into darkness. Angela's sobs drew the attention of Zarya and Tracer as they stood at the perimeter, the two looking back in confusion, then realization. Then grief.

The world slowed. Reinhardt pulled a weeping Ana into his arms, Zarya and Tracer turned grim faces back to their work of keeping the civilians away.

Mercy died on the inside.

Fareeha coughed.

Call me when you're home

Chapter Summary

In which there is fluffiness and Fareeha is cheesy.

No warnings apply.

(Yes this is an apology for the last chapter)

The two stopped at the exit of the restaurant after their latest date, both all grins and giddiness. Fareeha had swept out her phone to snap a picture of the two on the walk up to the door, but the phone sat forgotten in her hand as she nervously leaned down, lips caressing Angela's.

The blonde wrapped her arms around Fareeha's neck, her face cradled under the taller woman's jaw. A happy sigh and then "Call me when you're home?"

Fareeha chuckled, arms raising to envelop her girlfriend.

Angela's phone rang. She looked up in confusion.

Fareeha laughed. "You said to call when I was home."

No, No, it's my treat

Chapter Summary

In which the birds meet.

No warnings apply.

The lines were hellacious even for this late lunch hour. Angela had been in the queue for at least ten minutes and her stomach's growls were nearly drowning out the din of the full diner.

The line slowly shambled forward and she eventually made it to the counter. She rattled off her usual order while opening her small clutch and the words died in her throat. She glanced around quickly, checking the floor as if her wallet had grown legs and was fleeing the restaurant.

The burly man behind the counter cleared his throat expectantly and the line behind her started to grumble as the already slow line ground to a halt. She fumbled deeper into her clutch searching for loose change, anything, when a toned arm reached around her. She flinched for a moment, sure it was the next customer preparing to shove her aside in order to get to the counter for their daily fill of carbs and grease.

She was shocked when the person behind her passed a card to the cashier, listing off their order as well. Angela turned, already spouting words of gratitude and embarrassment. The person, the woman, that had just bought her lunch was breathtaking. She was able to keep her head long enough to move to the side before the line became grumpy once more, the stranger following her.

"Thank you again!" Angela beamed at the woman, blush tinting her cheeks. "I don't know how I lost my wallet." She added, cursing herself at her babbling. Why must that always happen when she's nervous?

"It's no problem. My treat." The woman replied. "My name's Fareeha."

"Angela!" She chirped, face reddening more so at how eager she sounded. She cleared her throat and started again. "My name is Angela. I insist you allow me to pay you back."

"I meant it when I said it was my treat. However, if you wish to pay me back, have lunch with me." Fareeha's grin was blinding, all teeth and crinkled tattoo and dimple over the left side of her mouth.

"I think I can do that." Angela said, words caught somewhere between a whisper of awe and a nervous giggle. She lead the way to an empty table.

They nearly missed the counter bell and their shouted ticket number.

Take my jacket, it's cold outside

Chapter Summary

In which Fareeha misses the sand

No warnings apply.

An excited yip that Fareeha had never heard from her girlfriend echoed around the courtyard as the two stepped out into the snow. Angela darted out clad only in leggings, parka, and earmuffs to fight the chill.

Fareeha's silhouette could have passed for Reinhardt.

Angela was already on the ground making "snow-mercys" as she dubbed them with a giggle by the time Fareeha had braved the cold and joined her. Angela looked up from her place in the snow, the winter sun backlighting her tall Egyptian and for a moment, her breath caught.

Fareeha distracted her with a toe to the thigh. "Alright, we're out here. Now what."

Angela hooked her foot behind Fareeha's ankle and made to trip her. The pilot only lifted her foot with a glare. Changing tactics, Angela raised her hands with a pout. Her face broke into a grin as Fareeha reached out and linked hands but quickly shifted to surprise as the pilot merely swept her up over her shoulder instead of falling for her trap. Fareeha carried Angela across the courtyard, laughing all the while, before unceremoniously dumping her into a snowdrift. When Angela popped out of the snow, cheeks dusted pink from laughter and cold, Fareeha couldn't stop herself and leaned down, dropping a kiss on the doctor's nose. Angela struck, arms shooting forward and grabbing the woman around the neck, dragging her down into the snow with her.

The sound Fareeha made would never be mentioned again on threat of bodily harm.

Fareeha sat trembling, snowflakes clutching at her hair and eyelashes, glare cast at Angela. The doctor merely grinned and leaned into her side with a content sigh. Grumbling, Fareeha wrapped her arm around her girlfriend, peace dropping over them like a fire-heated blanket.

"It *is* quite nice out here."

It looks good on you

Chapter Summary

In which the birds play dress up.

No warnings apply.

She swore time stopped. So much so that she would have looked for Tracer messing around if she were able to take her eyes off of the beauty before her.

Fareeha was never one for Halloween. Too many accidents happened, too much crime. Instead, she preferred staying on the quiet side of the holiday. Which is why, until now, she'd protested Lena's insistence that she come to the party.

The costume party.

The costume party where Angela had shown up wearing possibly the most alluring witch costume she'd ever seen. Of course, the fact it was tightly wrapped around her girlfriend could have had some bearing on her bias.

Fareeha prowled across the room to meet up with her girlfriend, dark eyes locked on her. When she reached her, she wrapped an arm around the small of her back and drew the doctor close, mouth against ear.

"It looks good on you." Angela could have sworn there was more moan than words. She looked coyly up at the tall pilot, face hidden beneath bangs and the brim of her hat. Her core tightened at Fareeha's next words. "It'd look better on my floor."

Do you want to come too?

Chapter Summary

In which Mercy is in charge.

Warnings: Smut

(Dedicated to my Overwatch-Wife Nyx <3)

Angela had been on the receiving end of Ana's nano boost, had tested her Caduceus' amplifier on herself. She'd even had a chance to tinker with Orisa's supercharger. She'd been under the effect of a combination of all three. But never had she felt as powerful as when Fareeha Amari was writhing beneath her.

The night had started simple enough, if Angela pouncing on Fareeha the moment she entered their house in nothing more than thigh highs, heels and her witch hat from years past is "simple enough."

Surprised from the attack, Fareeha backed into the door, pressed against the wood by her petite wife. Their mouths clashed, teeth clicking and tongues fighting for dominance. With a nip of Fareeha's lip, Angela took control, digging her fingers between the buttons on the taller woman's shirt and using the new stronghold, pulled her towards the bedroom with a sultry look through ashy lashes.

Fareeha followed, movements clunky. Her mind already shutting down and shifting focus to the alluring woman in front of her and the multitude of buttons on her shirt. Angela slapped her hands away and made quick work of the shirt, leaving her in her heavy work pants, boots, and sports bra. With a throaty moan, Angela pushed her to the bed. Fareeha landed on the mattress with a thump and small grunt, grin never leaving her face. Angela crawled up Fareeha's body, coming to rest just below her belt, pale hands running up the woman's chest before supporting her weight on either side of her head.

Fareeha shot up, claiming Angela's lips and the doctor gave her a few moments of attention before pushing her back into blankets. Angela hummed a 'no' and threaded her fingers between Fareeha's, dragging them up above her head and firmly pressing them into the mattress. A pointed look from the doctor and Fareeha knew that her hands would not move without permission.

Angela sat back up, showing off her toned stomach with a teasing roll of her hips, biting back a giggle as Fareeha's tongue absently darted out to wet her bottom lip. The doctor leaned back, hooking her fingers in the pockets of Fareeha's pants and gave them a playful tug before raising up on her knees.

"You may help." Angela whispered and before she's finished speaking, Fareeha's hands are already on her belt, tugging on leather and denim and boxers and then Angela's are back, swatting hers away to finish tugging her pants to her ankles. Without another word, Fareeha moved her hands to their previous position and waits.

Now that nothing separated their bodies but a few small articles of clothing, Angela leaned forward once more and dropped a series of kisses along the side of her wife's face, muttered terms

of endearment peppered among them. When she reached Fareeha's throat with grazing lips and biting teeth, her hands joined into the mix, tracing patterns over toned abs before running up, dragging her bra over firm breasts. Angela giggled as Fareeha arched her back, catching the offered nipple between her teeth. Fareeha's gasp sent a wave of heat straight to Angela's core. Her teasing continued, alternating between soft suckles and a pinch between teeth with a soothing swipe of a tongue to calm the angered flesh.

Fareeha's hands fisted the sheets above her head, eyes clenched, mouth agape as she rode out the sensations of her lover atop her. Angela switched mouth for hands, giving a sharp tweak to a nipple as she sat back up, rolling her hips against Fareeha. Angela sat there for a moment drinking in the vision of her wife beneath her: slight sheen of sweat, face turned and pressed into a bicep, chest heaving. Angela gave another sharp tweak to the opposite nipple before smoothing a thumb over the area. Fareeha's hands fisted tighter, fighting the urge to lower her hands, to grab, hold, tou-

"You may touch." And like lightning, Fareeha's hands were on Angela's waist and sliding down to rest on her hips, gripping the skin and pulling her forward. Angela gave the woman a chastising look but allowed the movement. Fareeha kept tugging until Angela was hovered deliciously above her, nose teasing Angela's dripping folds.

"May I?" Fareeha asked, voice raspy, hot air fanning over Angela and drawing a slight whimper from the blonde. The only response Fareeha earned was her wife lowering herself onto Fareeha's waiting mouth. One firm stroke from the Egyptian and Angela was gasping, grinding down on the eager mouth below her, riding out her own pleasure. Angela's hands settled over her breasts, teasing herself as Fareeha's tongue set to work against her clit. Fareeha's left hand traced up Angela's leg and up to her lower back. A bit of pressure and Angela was leaning forward, giving Fareeha access to snake her free hand up, fingers tracing the blonde's slit to gather a bit of moisture before slowly plunging a finger between her folds.

Angela's quivering moan was reward and permission enough. Fareeha added a second digit along with a firm suck of clit and a crook of the fingers and-

Angela broke apart above her. She froze, muscles clenching and breath heavy, weight fully supported on bent elbows and shaky knees as Fareeha gently withdrew. Once Angela had recovered, she slowly made her way back down Fareeha's body, hand slipping behind to tease her wife's own wet folds. A firm finger against her clit at a rapid pace was the best way to have Fareeha come undone beneath her, but just as the woman's breathing started to skip, just as her delicious abdominal muscles began to quake, Angela stopped.

Fareeha's eyes flew open to meet Angela's in a begging stare. "Oh, I'm sorry, Schätzli..." Angela crooned, giving another pass over the woman's clit. "Did you want to come too?"

Have a good day at work

Chapter Summary

In which Mercy is tired.

No warnings apply.

When Angela walked into their shared apartment, two things greeted her. The tantalizing aroma of kofta and her wife at the stove, lounge pants hung low on her hips with a strip of mocha skin peeking out beneath a tight tank. She was gently bouncing, dancing to some song on her mind, left hand absently reaching for a half empty bottle of strawberry ale.

Angela grinned to herself, dropped her bag and coat on the chair by the door and tiptoed through the entry and into the kitchen. Fareeha's sheepish laugh was the only indicator that she knew Angela was there. The doctor's arms snaked around her wife's waist, cheek against shoulderblades.

"Have a good day at work?" Fareeha asked, still working on their dinner. Angela hummed a negative, causing Fareeha to run a hand soothingly over the petite woman's arm. A happy sigh sounded off behind her.

"It's better now."

We'll figure it out

Chapter Summary

In which the birdmoms want to be just that.

No warnings apply.

It was a rare, double day off for the pair and they chose, as always, to spend it at the park. Fareeha sat against a tree, one leg splayed out before her, the other bent with an arm thrown over it, acting as a seat back for her wife. Angela was lost in a book, raising a pale hand to brush aside her bangs when the breeze became unruly.

The two sat in silence, Angela in her book world and Fareeha gazing over the gleefully laughing children and their parents as they darted around the play-gyms and fields. Fareeha's deep sigh pulled Angela from her reading and she cast concerned blue eyes up to her current chair.

"Do you ever want that?" Fareeha asked after a few beats. Angela sat her book to the side and shifted, back fully against Fareeha's chest. She tugged her wife's arm into her lap and gave it a small hug.

"Now that our lives have calmed down?" Angela asked quietly, eyes now joining Fareeha's as they watched the screaming toddlers have the time of their lives in the foam pit. Angela's breath of 'yes' was nearly lost on the breeze.

Fareeha tightened her grip on her wife, small smile on her lips.

I'll help you study

Chapter Summary

In which Fareeha is distracting.

No warnings apply.

(AU)

Angela playfully shoved her girlfriend's head away as she tried to drop more kisses on the blonde's neck. "I have to study! I have my biology exam tomorrow!" She giggled.

"Biology hm?" Fareeha purred, hand trailing over Angela's thigh. "I can help you prepare for the anatomy portion."

Take a deep breath

Chapter Summary

In which Mercy goes to battle.

Warnings: Introspection of panic attacks, slight PTSD.

Fear. Panic. Isolation. God damned Genji and his leaving her line of sight as she was crossing the rooftops, dropping her into a dead-ended alley.

Mercy was never one to be helpless. She had quite a few tricks up her sleeve when it came down to her base fight or flight. Her Hippocratic oath could only be upheld so much. And staring down the barrel of her enemy's weapon? This was one of those moments.

The first shot, be it a warning or a near miss, hit the left halo connector, effectively dropping her from comms.

She gripped her blaster, surgeon-steady hands already shaking. Many of her comrades thought she disliked shooting, maiming, killing others because of her status as a doctor, as a pacifist. In some regard this was true, but every time she pulled the trigger, she imagined nothing but a small, blonde girl happily answering the door. Two men in suits and their business-like announcement that her parents were not coming home.

She couldn't validate becoming the person she cursed each night.

The second shot hit her left flank.

She tightened her grip on her blaster, Fareeha's teachings echoing in her mind. *Aim, breathe, pull the trigger*. Her pained expression seemed to slow her attacker but the cocking of his weapon sent her adrenaline pumping. Before he'd finished prepping his shot, she'd fired, plasma round ripping through flesh and bone. The man dropped, a clean kill.

Still riding on her adrenaline, she sprinted to the open end of the alley, staff strapped to her back, blaster at the ready. She checked her flanks, spotted her corners and finding them clear, moved in the direction her team would be heading. In training, she was sure Tracer would be humming some spy movie theme to pick fun at Mercy's movements, but as she dropped two more enemies, laughter was at the back of her mind. Emotion was at the back of her mind.

The first trace of an ally she saw was Jack as he directed movements and provided cover for moving teammates ahead of him. Some shred of Angela within her subconscious commanded she go to him, her commanding officer, her leader. Eyes flicking for flanking enemies, ambush points and traps, she made her way to Soldier: 76. The hand gripping her forearm came from nowhere.

Her hand-to-hand training and conditioning took over and in less than a breath, she held Pharah in a choke hold, blaster pointed under Pharah's ear, missing the helm completely.

76 witnessed Pharah drop from the sky, concern on her face at the late appearing doctor. Witnessed the Captain call the medic's name as she made her way to her.

Watched as Mercy effectively held Pharah hostage, the crazed look of a cornered animal in her eyes.

Pharah raised her hands slowly, murmuring calming words to the doctor and slowly, the grip around her neck released. Pharah spun in the woman's arms and ripped the pistol from her, thumbing the safety and tossed it to the ground. She ducked enough to be eye to eye with the medic, hands gently cupping her face.

The cool metal of the Raptora gauntlets seemed to shake Mercy from her daze and she broke, all sobs, shaking and weak knees. Pharah shifted her hold to support the doctor around the waist and shoulders, slowly bringing them to the ground. Once they were sat, Pharah took one of Mercy's hands and pressed it to the dusty ground, the other hand Pharah pressed to her own neck, tucked under the Raptora's helm.

"Angela." She whispered, voice gentle but commanding. She pressed firmly on the hand on the ground. "Do you feel? Dirt, dust, warmth from the sun. Feel it?" Mercy only sat, staring into the middle distance, breaths coming at an erratic pace, lips trembling. Pharah gripped the hand she held on her neck. "Skin, warmth, sweat, heartbeat. Angela, feel it."

Slowly, the grounding techniques pulled Angela to the front of her mind, shelving Mercy until she was needed again. When she began to calm, Pharah pulled off her helmet, disobeying any bit of field protocol and dropped her forehead to Angela's with a relieved sigh.

"Baby, just breathe."

That's okay, I brought two

Chapter Summary

In which the birdmoms are tired.

No warnings apply.

“While I love that Hana comes to visit, I’m tired of sharing with you, Albi.” Ana grouched to the fellow Overwatch grandparent, the giant and her husband, Reinhardt. The large man just laughed and smiled at the woman. This conversation was a common one and usually ended with jokes about more grandchildren before slipping into a comfortable silence.

This iteration of the conversation, however, ended with Angela and Fareeha entering the small cottage, door held open by Hana as the two new parents struggled with their armloads. Each woman deposited a bundle into the grandparents’ arms with a synchronicity that *must* have been planned on the ride over.

“There,” Fareeha said as she flopped onto the couch with a tired grunt, Angela following quickly, feet already tossed on the wicker ottoman. “We brought two.”

Wow

Chapter Summary

In which Hana rages.

No warnings apply.

The frustrated yells coming from Hana's room could be heard in the kitchen. Three rooms down. Fareeha sighed from her place at the table, setting her mug down and pinching the bridge of her nose to fight off an impending headache. Angela merely chuckled a despondent laugh as she turned the stove down to a simmer.

"Your turn or mine?" The blonde asked, turning to take in the form of the pilot sitting hunched over the table, glaring at her mug as if she could turn it to something harder than tea.

Fareeha stood with a grumble, reaching out to steady her cup as her hip rocked the table. "Together." She turned to walk out of the kitchen. Her mumbled "If I'm alone I might just murder her." made Angela giggle but swiftly follow even though she was mostly sure it was just an idle threat.

They approached their daughter's room with an apprehension, not unlike someone going to a funeral visitation. The screams of anger were louder now and they could finally make out a few words like "noob," "idiots," and "why are you standing in fire?!"

Fareeha nearly punched the door open with a barked "What is this nonsense?" Hana jumped and spun in her chair, pulling the headset from her ear with one hand and hitting a button on the keyboard with the other.

"Moms, they're being idiots!" Hana explained, flailing a hand at the computer screen.

"What are you even playing?" Angela asked from her place in the doorway.

"WoW." Hana said. At her moms' confused looks, she clarified. "World of Warcraft. My raid's full of idiots."

I'll meet you halfway

Chapter Summary

In which the birds argue.

No warnings apply.

The two stood on opposite sides of the medical ward, physical distance illustrating their current argument. Angela was leaned against a counter, arms and ankles crossed, seemingly aloof to the tension in the room though her hard eyes proved she was very much aware.

Fareeha stood nearly at attention, her default posture when she felt backed into a corner. Every inch of her being exuded the presence of someone who was facing their firing squad.

“You can’t seriously demand that I agree with you, Fareeha.” Angela said, icy voice cutting through the tension. “You’re asking me to go against my beliefs.”

“I’m only asking that you honor my heritage.” Fareeha shot back, causing an uncharacteristic snort to rip from the doctor.

“And what of mine?” Angela asked eyes narrowed. “Meet me halfway, here.”

“This isn’t the only opportunity, ya amar. I plan on having many more chances. Everything will be fair.” Fareeha plead her case.

“Then why the importance of it now? If everything is to end up fairly, why not my choice?” The doctor’s argument was a sound one and Fareeha seemed to agree if her hardening features were a proper sign.

“Kamaj instills the will to forge a better world.” Fareeha explains for the third time that night.

“Ansel means ‘holy protector.’ I think that’s the perfect blend of us.” Angela rebutted.

Fareeha stood for a moment, scowling deep in thought before responding. “So first and middle name, then.” The pilot looks up hopefully, praying her peace treaty works.

“So Ansel Kamaj.” Angela says with a triumphant nod.

Fareeha dropped her head to her palm with a frustrated growl.

Watch your step

Chapter Summary

In which Pharah can't be serious.

No warnings apply.

The mission was over. Another successful escort under the team's belt. They made record time on their flight back to the Watchpoint and Strike Commander Pharah was the first down the ramp. She offered words of congratulations, remarks of improvement and friendly banter to her comrades as they disembarked. Mercy was the last off. She had undoubtedly been the one most active during this mission, the team taking more hits than usual and the medic's strength was sapped. Proof of this was made when she stumbled off the ramp, the flat ground proving to be too much of a change from the sloped exitway.

Pharah's hand shot out to steady her wife. "Watch your step, love." Pharah shot her a grin. "Or you'll fall for me."

Good luck

Chapter Summary

In which Fareeha and Genji fight for the honor of Angela's kiss.

No warnings apply.

Fareeha and Genji sat opposite each other at a table in the commons, glaring at the other. Angela sat between them, regarding the pair warily. Various residents of the Watchpoint gathered around their table.

Between them sat a deck of playing cards.

Angela stood, hands on her hips before announcing dramatically to the room “Best two out of three! Winner gets a kiss from yours truly.”

The pair at the table leaned forward as Genji shuffled the deck. When it was adequately cut, he passed it to Fareeha who began to deal.

“No cheating, no slight of hand, no injuring the other player.” Angela continued to instruct. “This will be a nice, clean game.” She rounded the table, giving Genji a sportsman’s shoulder clap before moving to the pilot. When she reached the Egyptian, she leaned down and whispered words of luck into her ear before darting her tongue out to tease the woman.

Once the cards were dealt and everyone had moved close enough to see the deathmatch, Angela placed her hand between the combatants as if she were flagging a race.

She jerked her hand up with a yelled “Now! Go Fish!”

I brought you an umbrella

Chapter Summary

In which Fareeha mourns.

Warnings: Character Death, introspection of said death.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Icy rain cut through the even more frigid air, a low rumble of thunder in the distance. Bodies stood shaking from the chill, huddled together for warmth. Out to the side, alone, stood Fareeha. She kept her head high despite rain tracking into her eyes. She kept her chin still despite the sobs attempting to break free. She kept her heart as frozen as her fingertips despite the need to mourn.

Her heavy dress greens did nothing to fight the chill yet still she stood, the shivering hands at her side the only hint that she was affected. She shifted her weight to keep blood flow to her feet and resumed her statue state.

She'd done this once before, buried her mother. The first time she was young, naive, currently fighting with the woman. The first time, she'd buried an empty casket. The first time she was too consumed with rage to properly feel pain.

Now she was too consumed with pain to properly feel anything.

Her mother was in that black box. It took eight men to carry her to the plot but she'd carried so much more on her small shoulders. She'd lead and inspired, killed and tortured. She'd hugged and laughed, cried and yelled. And now nothing.

She would never do those things again.

And yet, try as she might, Fareeha could not summon anger at her mother for leaving, herself for not doing more, the universe for being so unfair.

Instead, she stood, icy raindrops masking the tears flowing from her eyes as they remained locked on the flag covered casket.

The priest's words must have ended. People began to trickle away, slowly leaving Fareeha stood opposite the casket. Once again, just her and her mother. This was how they'd started life, lived life. It was only right this was how it ended.

Finally alone, she allowed herself to quietly break. Breath huffing out between frozen lips in a pained whimper, numb fingers clenching at her sides. Her knees began to tremble and she raised one hand to her stomach, hugging herself in the comfort she would never again receive from her mother. Her other hand moved to cover her mouth as a broken sob shook from her lungs.

Who was she now? Where to turn, what to do? Everything was her mother, her role model as a child, her ally, and friend. Her past and present was Ana Amari. What future was there without her? Another sob as she curled in on herself. The next sob ending in a quiet wail.

There was nothing. Nothing but cold and isolation and desperation to hear, hug, feel her mother again.

Then there was the blazing heat of a hand on her back, the lack of icy rain hitting her head, the silent presence at her side.

Fareeha looked over to a quietly weeping Angela. The doctor said nothing for she knew that nothing could help. Instead, she stood as a silent vigil, offering comfort as she could.

A warm hand on her wife's back and an umbrella to shelter them.

Chapter End Notes

I know that this was a very Westernized funeral. I did research of Egyptian/Muslim funerals and while I tried to stay as neutral between Western and Muslim funerals, I did veer a bit toward my standard Western funeral.

I'd been planning to post this one next. I totally did NOT plan for it to be the "yay we hit 100 kudos/1000 hits" chapter.

There will be a lot of nice and happy ones to follow this one for adequate celebrating :)

You can borrow mine

Chapter Summary

In which the birds meet... again?

No warnings apply.

The heavy bass blasted through the dance hall, lights flashing just fast enough to trick eyes into seeing beauty in any face. Fareeha knew she needed no such trickery to see the angel across the room.

The angel in question stood next to a tall table, something obviously fruity clutched in her hand. Her dress and facial expression both said she wasn't the clubbing type. Or perhaps it was her first time at one of these clubs. A seedy club that catered to people who were looking for single nights of pleasure with anyone they deemed acceptable. As Fareeha watched the angel's eyes dart around, she concluded that it must be the latter and she was searching for the "friends" that had brought her along only to abandon her.

Fareeha slammed back the last of her drink before dropping the tumbler along with a few more bills onto the bar, asking the bartender for a bottle of water and making her way across the room. It was only right after all, that she save this poor angel from the demons in the club. She quickly shot a hand over her hair, ensuring that her hair fell perfectly tousled over her side shave.

She approached the table and leaned an elbow on the surface, setting the bottle of water directly in front of the blonde with a blinding smile. The woman looked up in shock before eyeing the drink with trepidation. Fareeha grinned and pointed to the sealed lid with a wink. Words would be useless until she'd won the woman over enough to get close without scaring the poor thing.

The angel cocked her head up with a small twitch of lips that could be considered friendly before grabbing the bottle and holding it close as if were her only life preserver in this ocean of seediness. After a few moments, she looked back to Fareeha, bright blue eyes locking with russet and her small smile grew. She mouthed a quick thanks and Fareeha let out a breath she didn't know she was holding. She moved a bit closer, nearly arm to arm now, and leaned the rest of the way over to speak directly into her ear.

"Your first time here?" The angel at her side dipped her head a bit, clearly embarrassed. The flashing lights masked her blush, but Fareeha knew it'd be there, adorably cute on her cheeks.

The angel answered once before realizing the heavy music masked her words. With another embarrassed look, she leaned into Fareeha, lips brushing against short hairs. "Is it that obvious?"

Fareeha hummed a laugh. "Not terribly. Only slightly above a scared fawn." The joke got the desired effect as the angel barked out a surprised giggle, bright eyes turning to fully inspect the dark woman. Fareeha was sure she cut an impressive figure but she straightened up more regardless. "So what's your name?"

A breathy 'Angela' was the response, to which Fareeha looked at the woman in disbelief.

"Really now, because until now, I've only been referring to you as 'angel.'" Once again the

woman, Angela, shot her eyes to the side to hide her flustered state. “So tell me Angel-a,” Fareeha began, words clearly testifying to her lack of trust in the woman’s words. “What’s your last name?”

Angela only sat there in slight shock. Who did this woman think she was first to not believe her when she gave her name and second, to demand her last when she needed proof? Before she could answer, the woman leaned in once again, this time dropping a very clearly well-muscled arm over her shoulders.

“That’s okay, if you don’t have one, you can borrow mine.”

Sorry I'm late

Chapter Summary

In which the birds get good news

No warnings apply.

The door could not open fast enough as Fareeha blew into the entryway, apologies already falling past her lips. Of course, leave it to today for her to be caught in traffic. She knew the importance of the doctor visit today, she knew the clinic ran tight time slots to fit in as many would be parents as possible. And yet she had to plod along in traffic like a normal citizen. What she would have given to have her Raptora to fly her home.

She found Angela as the blonde made her way out of the bedroom looking slightly shell-shocked. Immediately the Egyptian's first thought was of any mistakes she could have made to leave her wife in this state of distress. When she came up with nothing but her current late status, she began apologizing again in earnest.

None of the words seemed to reach the doctor's ears, instead, she only looked up slowly, watery eyes catching Fareeha's. The ex-pilot dashed forward, one hand grasping Angela's, the other moving to her pale neck.

"Ya amar, I'm sorry I'm late but you can yell at me later, we need to go." Fareeha said softly, thumb caressing her wife's jaw as she gently stepped back, directing the blonde to the door.

"No," Came the small voice as Angela looked down, movements still slow and clunky as if she were moving through water. She fiddled with something behind her back before bringing it up between them, the small white device nearly glowing in the space between them.

"You're not late, Fareeha." Angela said, louder now with a smile growing on her lips. "I am."

I made something for you

Chapter Summary

In which Fareeha is sick

No warnings apply.

(Possibly the most diabetes inducing thing I've written to date.)

The scuffle of tiny feet joined the sniffing and coughing in the dark room. Fareeha had been feeling under the weather for a while but had finally succumbed. Angela swore she wasn't contagious, Fareeha supposed it'd be difficult to transfer the utter death she was feeling. She sat under a mound of blankets in the middle of the bed, television softly playing in the background. Her blank stare moved from the infomercial to the mop of wavy black hair barely visible over the fluffed up comforter. She smiled as chocolate eyes met crystal blue.

"I maded you soup, mama." The small boy said as he raised a mug above his head. Fareeha reached out and took the offered cup with one hand, the other ruffling his hair. She looked up to the doorway and spotted Angela with a sweet smile on her lips. At her side and clutching her leg, as usual, was the soup deliverer's counterpart. Fareeha leaned to the side and deposited her soup on the bedside table before leaning forward and grabbing up her son.

"But didn't your mami tell you, Kamaj," Fareeha began, settling the squirmy four-year-old into her lap. She locked eyes with her wife and smiled. "Laughter is the best medicine." Angela grinned and lowered her head to hide her slight blush, nudging the boy at her leg forward. He tottered forward slowly, finger in the side of his mouth and looked back to ensure the blonde was following. When he saw her move forward, he dashed to the blanket ridden Fareeha and jumped onto the bed with a giggle.

The ex-pilot wrapped a blanket covered arm around the new arrival and held her right out for Angela to sink into.

"Ansel made you something as well, Fareehali." Angela spoke quietly, giving a pointed look to the youngest twin. With a mischievous grin that neither parent took credit for passing on, Ansel withdrew a scrunched up bit of paper from his pocket, which was Fareeha noted, simply down his pants. Ansel held up the paper, unfolding it directly in the ex-pilot's face causing her to go a bit cross-eyed.

She was still able to make out the crudely drawn Raptora linked to Mercy via yellow stream, a small Raptora and Mercy twin-set at the bottom.

"We keep the sky clear, mama."

Close your eyes and hold out your hands

Chapter Summary

In which the birds fly

No warnings apply.

“Just reenact one of those old movies she’s always watching.” Hana suggested in a bored tone between mouthfuls of nacho chips, eyes never leaving the tablet resting on her bent knees.

Fareeha sighed, knowing this was as much as she would get from the gremlin since the newest StarCraft playoffs had begun. The pilot stood and made her way out of the commons, eyes tracing the tiles in the floor and allowing her mind to wander to said old movies. Of all of the movies that Angela would swoon over, there had to be one that would work for a big romantic reveal. Something she could pull off without leaving the Watchpoint of course. With a huff, she turned in the direction of the weight room. She’d use a couple hundred pounds to clear her mind.

Days later found Fareeha in the courtyard in full Raptora, pacing nervously. When the door hissed open to reveal her guest of honor Fareeha froze, hand reaching up to slam down her faceplate to hide her blush. Angela stepped forward with a slow pace and when she reached the tall pilot, ducked a bit to peek under the helmet.

“What did you need, Fareeha?” Angela asked when the Egyptian made no offer of explanation.

“I have a surprise for you. If I may?” She raised a hand above Angela’s head and gave a twirl of her finger, signaling the doctor to turn. When she was in the proper position, Fareeha belted an arm around her waist and lifted into the air slightly. “Legs up.” She softly commanded, breath teasing Angela’s ear, hand tapping the medic’s thigh. With Angela’s knees pulled up, Fareeha was able to loop an arm under her thighs, giving her a more sturdy seat.

She then launched into the air, a surprised giggle tearing from the doctor’s throat. When they were high above the Watchpoint, Fareeha set her jets to hover and leaned her chin on Angela’s shoulder.

“Close your eyes and hold out your hands.” The captain commanded. Angela immediately obliged, thrusting her arms out to the sides as Fareeha leaned forward slightly to begin their lap around the grounds.

Angela gave another excited squeal before exclaiming “I’m flying, Fareeha!” And instantly she remembered another such situation on one of her old movie discs. Her eyes snapped open and she twisted in the pilot’s arms, eyes searching. Fareeha thought old romances were boring and plodding in plot and structure. She would have never settled down to watch the three-hour marathon that was Titanic. How did she...

“I felt this was something special I could do for you. A way for you to always remember this day.” Fareeha explained. Angela brought her arms up to wrap around the Egyptian’s neck.

“There is no way I’ll ever forget this.” The doctor whispered before leaning in for the first of many kisses.

One more chapter

Chapter Summary

In which Angela reads bedtime stories

No warnings apply.

Angela softly closed the book with a contented smile, casting her eyes over the sleeping boys at her sides. Kamaj, ever the embodiment of her wife, lay facing the door with a caramel arm thrown over the side, breaths heavy through his open mouth. He'd sleep through anything including Angela crawling off of the bed. Ansel was wrapped around her thigh. That would be the tricky one to escape. With slow and tiny movements, she started shifting her son from her leg and was nearly free when the whisper came.

“Just one more chapter, mami?”

I was in the neighborhood

Chapter Summary

In which Fareeha is panicked.

Warnings: Blood, mentions of torture/injury

Fareeha paced. She'd already raged, screamed and put a few new holes in various parts of the Watchpoint. All she had left now was pacing. A quick glance to the time readout on the wall said they'd already kept her caged for seven hours. Seven hours of waiting, worry, panic. Four hundred and twenty minutes of running through various scenarios in which she'd be too late. Twenty-five thousand, two hundred seconds of envisioning a broken and dying Angela.

Her mission was supposed to be quick, one night. A simple good will meeting with the leader of Numbani. Angela's convoy had never made it. She'd been ambushed on the side of the road and taken.

The only news Overwatch had heard was the threatening sound file. Promises of a slow and painful death, torture, detailed accounts of a screaming doctor, pleading for help.

Jack and Winston refused to send any of their agents in without a better picture and so sent Tracer and Hanzo as a scouting party. They were due back any moment, but still, Fareeha paced.

When the door to her holding cell finally opened Fareeha stormed out, barely registering the shouted commands from her commanding officers. She was halfway to the armory by the time Tracer blinked to her side.

"Yer mum is gearin' up now, luv. She'll go with us in case-" Fareeha turned on the Brit, cutting off her words.

"There may be no use for her at this point since we've all sat around on our asses." Fareeha growled, using her height to tower over the smaller woman.

With an uncharacteristic snarl, Lena shoved Fareeha to the wall, finger jabbing between the pilot's ribs. "Some of us haven't been. Some of us kept our heads long enough to still be useful instead of locked up." Lena turned and stomped into the armory.

Fareeha stood with the frigid wall at her back, staring into the overhead lights to fight off the tears she knew were coming. A few panicked breaths later and a door hissed open to reveal Ana.

"Let's get this done, 'Reeha." The old sniper spoke, hefting her rifle onto a small shoulder as she passed. Neither mentioned the state the pilot was in. Neither needed to.

Squaring her shoulders, she stepped into the room. Her Raptora was waiting for her in the bay labeled 'F. Amari' with a chibi sticker of herself in full armor that Lena had found in some souvenir shop. As she donned her armor, she looked out over the rest of the armory, to her team suiting up.

They'd be hitting hard with a small strike team. Their scouts, Lena and Hanzo, Ana, Orisa and

the Raptora pilot herself. A team that knew each other's movements, strengths, weaknesses. A team with their own reasons to save the doctor.

The flight to the compound was a relatively short distance but the graveyard silence in the drop ship made it feel like ages. Each member of the strike team prepared themselves as they best knew how. Fareeha tried to not look in her mother's direction as she prepped, double checked and triple checked her nanite healing rounds and biotic grenades. The thought that they were only going to retrieve Angela's remains wouldn't leave her mind. The bitter thought that Ana was a wasted body on this mission wouldn't leave her mind.

As if the sniper heard her daughter's thoughts, her eyes shot up. Her grizzled voice cut through the silence. "If you can not focus on saving Angela's life, you will remain on this ship. If you go in believing her to already be dead, you will make it so."

Fareeha's glare was hidden as she turned away toward the drop hatch, arm resting on a support. "I can handle myself."

As her thruster petered out she realized she couldn't handle herself.

Dropping in had been fairly uneventful. Hell, getting into the compound itself had been easy. The ease made her cocky and she didn't check her corner. The same corner that the enemy was sitting in with a rifle pointed at her, complete with armor piercing rounds.

Luckily for her own health he'd only aimed at her thrusters and couldn't get off a fatal shot before her rocket lit the room on fire. She stormed down the hallway, alerting her team of her safe status and location robotically as she studiously cleared every room. None of her other team had found any trace of the doctor and Fareeha's heart was starting to pound on its way to her stomach. There were only so many other doors, so many other rooms, places to hide a kidnapped world famous surgeon.

Fareeha cracked the next door, small sidearm confiscated from an attacker held at the ready, her rocket launcher snapped to the small of her back. The smell hit her first, coppery and acidic. Her stomach rolled and she heavily swallowed the saliva pooling in her mouth. There were no immediate signs of Angela and Fareeha silently begged any listening gods that she not be in this room of death.

A glint of gold and her heart stopped. Laying in a tray usually reserved for surgical tools was Angela's wedding ring, cracked phone, and wallet with various ID cards. Fareeha stepped forward silently, creeping up to the tray and gathering her wife's items, storing them in the compartment usually reserved for rocket rounds.

A flip of a switch and her Raptora HUD went thermal, a sweep of the head and a red blip appeared on the display. The cowering figure was most likely Angela but she inched her way toward it with weapon drawn in the off chance it was a worker hiding from the sounds of the firefight. When she drew up beside the red blob she switched to standard view and flipped on her headlamp.

Angela's pale and bloodied hair nearly glowed, relief sweeping through the pilot as she dropped to a knee, gauntlet wrapped hand reaching up to push aside tattered bangs. The doctor's eyes cracked open and Fareeha instantly turned down her headlamp so the woman could see her, know that she was safe.

The sob that came from her wife's bloody lips was both heart wrenching and the most joyous

sound Fareeha had ever heard. Her hands ghosted over the medic, words of comfort and questions of pain falling from her lips. Torn and bruised skin, broken bones, a few missing tufts of hair, a missing tooth- she paused when she reached Angela's arms, placed protectively over her stomach. Dark eyes darted back to her wife's, a new level of panic coursing through her.

"She's fine." Angela said, voice a croaked whisper, evidence of hours of screams. "I-" A hiccup shook her. "I stopped them before they could do anything to hurt..." She trailed off into quiet tears as she raised a hand to gesture across the room.

Fareeha turned and took in the bodies as her headlamp illuminated them. All pale and bloodless, surgical cuts made to major arteries. She turned back to her wife and double checked for any major injuries that would turn fatal if she were moved. Finding none, she carefully picked her up and stood. She turned her wife into her chest as she would one of her boys, resting the medic's weight on one arm and her chest plate, bringing her free hand up to activate her comms and inform her teammates of the rescue. She leaned against the wall furthest from the Mercy-made corpses and waited for her team to meet up for evacuation.

"How did you even find me?" Angela asked, lips caressing her wife's neck as she lay against her, eyes starting to slip closed in exhaustion.

"Oh you know." Fareeha began, giving Angela a comforting caress. "I was in the neighborhood."

You're important, too

Chapter Summary

In which Mercy needs a break

No warnings apply.

It had been nearly a full twenty-four hours since Fareeha'd last seen hide or hair of her best friend so she went to the only place she was sure to find her: her back office in the med bay.

When she arrived in the medical wing the lights were on their nighttime timer, cut to half to preserve power and allow for easier sleeping for those confined to the beds. A bright light coming from the blinded office windows confirmed Angela's whereabouts. Fareeha made her way to the door, small smirk on her lips.

She opened the office door to find the blonde doctor sitting at her desk, back to the door. Her three computer screens full of texts, pages of what looked to be scientific journals and medical records. The normally perfect posture of the medic was hunched, shoulders tucked forward as she read. A full cup of tea sat on the desk, diffuser still resting inside.

Fareeha softly cleared her throat but didn't spook Angela as she thought she would. It only earned her a clipped "Can I help you, Fareeha?" in response. The pilot stepped further into the office, choosing a filing cabinet as her perch. She waited a minute more before reaching out and lightly touching the doctor's shoulder.

Angela finally turned to regard the Egyptian and only then did Fareeha get to take in the full scope of Angela's plight. Dark circles, red eyes, chapped lips. "Have you left the office?" The question was rhetorical. Both knew the answer was no. Fareeha sighed and scratched her cheek with one finger, looking off to the side as she tried to form her thoughts into words.

Angela spoke up to fill the silence. "I'm nearing a breakthrough, Fareeha! If my hypothesis is correct there are so many hurdles we can leap! Medicine will be forever changed!" Sooty eyes shot over, locking onto Angela. "Fareeha, do you not see how important this is?"

"I see what's important, yes." Fareeha admitted. Angela gave a small smile of victory. "I see that you're doing so much good in this world that the rest of us can only hope to stand in your shadow." At this Angela blushed and started to turn. Fareeha's hand on the back of her chair stopped her. "But you're important, too." The pilot dropped a hand onto the pair clutched in Angela's lap, shocked to feel them shaking from exhaustion. "Please get some rest. Your breakthrough might be important to the world, but you're important to me." Fareeha looked up into Angela's eyes, pleading. "Allow me to be selfish just this once."

Take my seat

Chapter Summary

In which Mercy is late, but not like last time

No warnings apply.

The day after a first kiss is either filled with handholding and coy looks or awkward shuffles. For Fareeha and Angela, it was the latter. And of course Jack would call an all-hands meeting that morning.

As per usual, Fareeha had arrived early to choose one of the limited seats. She sat at the metal table, tablet resting on the surface in front of her, browsing the latest headlines as the rest of the Watchpoint's inhabitants began to trickle in. Jack's scoffed mutterings about latecomers tore her from her reading and she looked up to see Angela standing awkwardly in the door, eyes locked on the pilot. Fareeha glanced around and saw there were no empty chairs for the doctor and began to stand.

"You can have my seat, Dr. Zeigler." She said with a chivalrous tone. The words seemed to bring the blonde back to the present and she nearly skipped forward, placing a hand on Fareeha's shoulder to keep her sitting.

With a grin she dropped into the woman's lap. "I think this will do just fine."

Try some

Chapter Summary

In which Fareeha takes charge

Warnings: Smut, light bondage, rough play.

(Translations at the end.)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It was truly a night of firsts for Fareeha. The first time she'd been given the reins in the bedroom, the first time she'd convinced Angela to be bound, the first time she'd strapped on the fleshy toy dangling in front of Angela's face as she sat on her knees before the pilot. Fareeha reached out and stroked her wife's jawline before tucking a finger beneath her jaw, tilting her head up to meet her gaze.

"Are you sure about this, ya amar?" It wasn't the first time she'd asked, but this was their first trip down this road of role play and Fareeha would rather die than harm the wonderful woman before her.

Angela's answer came in the form of soft pink lips closing over the head of Fareeha's new addition. Blue eyes remained locked on the woman standing over her as she sank down over the length of the member, cheeks hollowed, hands bound behind her back. Fareeha shuddered out an exhale as the hand that previously sat under Angela's chin snapped to the back of her head, fisting in white gold locks.

As the doctor pulled back to swirl a tongue around the tip, Fareeha tossed a silent thank you to Satya and her creation of this particular toy. Thanks to the woman's hardlight tech that allowed the pilot to feel every swipe of her wife's tongue. On a particularly delicious suck, Fareeha thrust into the hot mouth, hands pulling Angela forward.

A slight gag from the doctor had Fareeha pulling away and smoothing hands over her hair and throat. "Fareehali," Angela began once she'd regained her breath "We went over our safety measures, did we not? I'll let you know if you need to stop." And with the pop of the 'p' she dropped a kiss on the tip of the rod sat between Fareeha's legs before taking her deep into her throat. She looked up with a smile of encouragement, moaning when Fareeha's hands found purchase in her hair once more.

Pleasure streaked through the pilot causing toes to curl and muscles to clench as she thrust into her wife's eager mouth. Just as Angela's face began to redden, Fareeha backed away to allow needed breaths. The doctor leaned forward in an eager chase with a sharp inhale through her nose and resumed her treatment. Fareeha gave a deeper thrust, feeling Angela's throat close around her and she broke apart.

Her legs barely kept her standing long enough to withdraw from Angela's skilled mouth. She dropped to her knees with a dull thud, lips already crashing down on the blonde's. The hand still fisted in Angela's hair gave a sharp tug, pulling her head to the side and allowing plenty of room

for Fareeha to leave small bite marks down the doctor's throat. Her lips traveled across collarbone to the swell of her breast made more prominent by the silk ropes crossing beneath them.

Fareeha lovingly gazed into the blue eyes before her, thumb slowly stroking over a peaked nipple. "*Du bist schön, Angela.*" As always when Fareeha spoke her native tongue, a heat of arousal burned through the blonde, pronunciation or grammar be damned. Before Angela could respond with her own garbled Arabic, Fareeha's lips were on hers again, mocha fingers trailing down over silk ropes and pale skin. A small whimper from the doctor and Fareeha was kissing her way south again, drawing a nipple into her hot mouth, hands moving to give her glorious ass a squeeze.

Fareeha had never had the sought after hourglass shape, her hips staying lean and chest small. Perhaps that lead to the fascination she had with Angela's own thicker hips and thighs. She gave the handful of flesh another quick squeeze before trailing her hands lower to Angela's curled legs. She kissed a path through the valley between the blonde's breasts before taking the neglected nipple between her lips. Her hands trailed along the ropes binding her ankles to the beautiful braid along her spine. Her dexterous fingers gave a sharp tug on a certain strand of rope and the bit keeping her kneeling was untied, dark hands smoothing over the pinked skin. With a tug of teeth on skin, Fareeha sat up.

Another quick kiss and Fareeha was directing Angela's knees to part. She thumbed aside the soaked rope nestled between her lower lips before teasing with a swipe of fingers against clit. Angela cried out, eyes locked on the sooty brown of her lover as she quivered under her touch. Pale hips rolled slightly as she tried to get those fingers where she so desperately wanted them.

Fareeha must have taken pity on her and sank her middle digit into Angela's tight warmth. She could already feel Angela fluttering around her finger and the deep moan from the pilot caught them both off guard. She thrust a second finger into her wife to mask her embarrassment.

Angela could feel herself approaching her climax as Fareeha picked up speed, her fingers curling in just the right way, thumb rolling her clit. She cried out to the ceiling, eyes falling closed as she came, soaking Fareeha's hand. With a sinful smirk, Fareeha raised her hand to her mouth, drawing a finger into slowly lick it clean. Angela's eyes nearly rolled back as a second wave of glorious arousal shook her at the sight of Fareeha cleaning herself. Fareeha hummed in thought before standing, clean hand moving to lovingly stroke Angela's jawline before digging into her hair.

"*Hat dir das gefallen, Liebe?*" Fareeha crooned, wet fingers moving to Angela's face, tracing her bottom lip with a soaked digit, fingers splayed over her cheek. The pilot's eyes flashed with a mischievous glint before she sank her finger into Angela's parted mouth. "Try some."

Chapter End Notes

Translations:

Du bist schön, Angela. - You are beautiful, Angela.

Hat dir das gefallen, Liebe? - Did you like that, love?

Drive safely

Chapter Summary

In which the boys get new things

No warnings apply.

Angela was a nervous wreck as she stood in their driveway. Kamaj's excited whoops of joy nearly masking her inner doctor listing off various ways this could go wrong. Ansel stood by her side, patient as always while his twin nearly sprinted circles around Fareeha as she made her way to the new car.

Fareeha stopped at the driver's door, key clutched in her hand and lowered her infamous "Strike Commander Stare" on her eldest boy, hand fisted around the key raising to gesture at his chest with a pointed index finger.

"You will not even look at this car without either my or your mami's permission. We must be notified anytime you wish to drive anyone other than family. If your grades slip or you start missing practice, we can and will take this car right back to the dealership." Kamaj stood nearly at attention, a trait he'd taken straight from the woman barking orders. "Have I made myself clear?" Fareeha asked, hand still raised to chest level.

"Yes, 'ami." Kamaj said with a nod, face serious. Fareeha dropped the key and he had to scramble to catch it before it hit the ground. He turned to his mami and his brother crouching with a silent scream of happiness before leaping up, pumping his fist into the air.

From the sidelines, Angela gave her son a nudge. "Go on, Ansel. You can have a go next." She gestured to the hatchback on the other side of the driveway.

As the boys climbed in Kamaj's car, Fareeha moved to stand next to her wife, wrapping a comforting arm around her waist. Angela leaned into the Egyptian's shoulder with a sad sigh.

"Think they'll be okay?" The blonde asked.

The pair watched as the car backed out of the driveway and carefully pulled away from the house.

"If they aren't, we'll be here to patch them up." Fareeha answered with a squeeze to her wife.

Can I kiss you

Chapter Summary

In which Fareeha is a dweeb

No warnings apply.

She opened her eyes to blinding hospital lights and she blinked away the spots in her vision. The lights suddenly dimmed and she felt herself relax into the bed in relief. A curl of her toes and clench of fists ensured that she was still mostly intact. A strange weight sat on her left ring finger and she fiddled with it with her thumb. A blonde angel popped into her field of vision and she tensed right back up. With a start, she realized the angel was speaking to her.

“-eeha, you took a hit to your head. You’ll be confused for awhile, things might seem a bit slow or disconnected, but you’ll make a speedy recovery.” She didn’t know about this recovery bit, she was obviously already dead and waking up in paradise if this angel was here in front of her.

“Fareeha?” The angel asked, concern slightly furrowing her brows. She realized ‘Fareeha’ must be her name so she answered the question with a quiet hum.

“Can you recall anything about the past mission?” The angel questioned, left hand raising to push back the wayward hairs sticking to Fareeha's forehead. “Any details, events, scen-” Her words were cut off abruptly when Fareeha raised a finger to pale pink lips.

“Can I kiss you?” The Egyptian asked with a silly smirk, eyes glancing to the golden wedding band on the doctor's hand. “I’ve never kissed an angel. Don't tell your angel husband, though.”

The doctor simply stared at the woman before replying with a deadpanned “Fareeha, *we’re* married.”

The shock that bloomed over the pilot’s face caused a giggle to pass Angela’s lips. She stood with an amused grin as Fareeha quietly cheered at this new revelation. When she’d calmed down, Angela stepped forward and brushed some hair from her wife’s face. “Perhaps a bit more rest will set things right.” And with that, she leaned down to drop a kiss on the Egyptian’s forehead before stepping from the room, Fareeha’s charts in her hand for further review.

It's not heavy. I'm stronger than I look

Chapter Summary

In which Mercy needs a break.

No warnings apply.

Angela's eyes fluttered over the computer readouts, fingers dancing on keypads and data sheets as she stored the information in her over-worked brain. The numbers she was getting from the latest tests on the sick and dying in the small village they were treating was concerning. There had to be some small detail she was missing, some strain of bacteria that had mutated that she just hadn't caught yet. There had to be something more she could do. There had to be a reason Fareeha was pulling her away from her computer.

The pilot stood beside her, broad hand wrapped easily around the doctor's upper arm. The concern on the Egyptian's face was both flattering and alarming. How rough must she look to garner that sort of response from the stoic soldier?

"Fareeha, I have to get this data entered and analyzed." Angela nearly begged while trying to gently tug her arm away.

"Athena can do both of those while you rest." Fareeha said in a slight monotone as if she was reading from some inner script she'd written to combat the medic. Which, Angela realized, was quite possible.

"I would rather do it. It's as simple as that." And to Angela, it was that simple. She'd rather be the one doing the menial tasks of data entry in case she stumbled across a pattern or something in the readouts sparked an epiphany. "Do you realize how many people are counting on me to complete this vaccine?"

Fareeha sighed and dropped her hand from Angela's arm, fingers dragging along her lab coat. "Do you realize you don't have to carry the weight of the world on your shoulders?"

"That's fine, Fareeha," Angela said, smiling as she turned back to her computer screens. "I'm stronger than I look."

Have fun

Chapter Summary

In which Jesse plans a great time

No warnings apply.

“Have fun!” The words were shouted at Fareeha’s back with a chipper lilt but both knew that the good intentions weren’t there. Fareeha waved back at her fiancé before being dragged from the front door by Aleks and Jesse.

“We will have her back in no time.” Came the stilted words of their Russian friend as she gave what was surely meant to be a reassuring smile to the doctor. Jesse led Fareeha to the car and nearly shoved her in, complaining about the lack of respect given to his and Zarya’s careful party planning.

“Ya only get one good shot at this.” He drawled as he dropped into the front passenger seat, glancing back at the embarrassed Egyptian from the corner of his eye. “Now yer gonna enjoy yourself tonight or I’ll sic Zarya on ya.”

Fareeha turned to eye the Russian as she approached and entered the car, silently judging her chances should she have to defend herself against the weight lifter.

She was deep in thought planning through fighting stances and counter moves and didn’t realize that they’d been sitting outside their destination for a full minute.

Jesse pulled her from the car and looked up to the tacky neon sign with a grin. “Been awhile since I been here. Wonder if Lola still works here?” He shot a seedy grin to the pilot, eyebrows bouncing. “Bet she’s missed me.” And with that, he turned to walk into Chix on Dix-ie, Zarya close behind with a firm hand on Fareeha’s back.

They entered and were immediately swept to a VIP lounge where the rest of the guests were already seated. The trio joined Lena, Emily and Lucio in the cordoned off area, Fareeha dropping into the seat marked “Dead Man Walking” after a firm push to her shoulders. She heaved a sigh and pinched the bridge of her nose, praying for patience and a quick end to the night.

An angel answered her prayers but not in the way she was expecting. A blonde with curves in all the right places stepped in through the beaded curtain wearing a scrap of white costume silk, tacky feathered wings, and a silver tinsel halo. Fareeha’s eyes bulged and the hand at her nose dropped to her mouth, muffling the groan. “Angela’s going to kill me.”

As the woman sauntered closer, Fareeha pressed herself further into her chair trying desperately to keep her distance. Music kicked up from hidden speakers in the room and the woman began her dance. When the tumbler of alcohol was pressed into her hand, she quickly drank it in two quick gulps.

Her eyes shot impossibly wider when the woman moved to straddle her knees, hips still gyrating in tempo. Fareeha’s hands raised in a universal sign of surrender, eyes darting to her friends for help. The angel dropped lower, scrap of white riding high on her hips, arms thrown over

Fareeha's broad shoulders. A sinful whimper fell from the dancer's lips.

"Nope! Nope, Angela's going to kill you." Fareeha growled to Jesse who was quickly spiraling into a fit of laughter.

I'm sorry, I didn't mean to

Chapter Summary

In which the birdmoms have a scare.

Warnings: Injuries on a child, Ana is a bad grandma.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Ever since their mutual retirement, Angela and Fareeha had taken up a few freelance projects to continue down their respective paths of healing and justice.

Fareeha had claimed their garage as her workshop. Angela took the entirety of the basement.

The ex-pilot spent her spare time working on programming changes and minor tweaks to armor, weapons, and utilities while Angela tweaked her nanites to do new and wondrous things. One of these projects is what brought Ana by regularly, much to Fareeha's chagrin.

Her wife and mother would stay in the basement for hours, jibbering on about nanite diffusion this and saturation radius that. The nature of their work, the two rambunctious six-year-olds and the newborn Adie lead Fareeha to install various locks on the basement door.

Locks that she had to shout after her mother to remember every time the woman went downstairs.

The sniper and retired doctor sat on opposite sides of the table, hologram between them with schematics displayed in glowing gold. The light from the projector was the only source which gave the basement laboratory a sinister feel. Angela would catch herself with a giddy sense of excitement as she pictured herself the villain in one of her old movies. The tweaks they were making to Ana's grenade could actually classify its users as said villain, so it was applicable.

Ana requested a faster and wider spread of her biotic grenade which was easy enough to change. The solution of nanites, however, gave Angela pause. She was able to alter their behavior enough that the normal rate of decay was amplified giving the grenade more stopping power, but the end result was a nearly acidic breakdown at the molecular level. It was truly vicious and Angela could not deem it a required feature of the grenade. Therefore, they were back to square one.

Angela would turn in her chair to run her eyes over the previous attempts for inspiration, the failures and near misses sitting in their glass tubing with vacuum seals along one wall. She'd stare into the gold, purple, even black pools of nanite solutions and something would pop into her mind, causing her to spin back quickly, fingers already flying over the keyboard of her tablet.

Angela was sat hunched over her tablet, pouring over readouts of their latest trial, Ana had gone upstairs on a tea expedition. Footsteps sounded down the stairs and Angela began to relay her revelations to the elder Amari. There was no response but that was normal for the woman. Angela continued on about her discovery and possible changes that could be made when she heard the shattering of glass.

The blood-curdling scream reverberated in the basement as Angela whipped her head to the sound

of the breaking glass. Ansel sat against the wall, frantically trying to wipe the deep purple nanite solution from his arm even as it began its trek through his skin. Fareeha thundered down the stairs taking them in leaps, her war face firmly in place. Ana began to follow but a growled command from the ex-pilot to stay upstairs with the other two children stopped the sniper in her tracks.

Fareeha dashed to her screaming boy and gently pulled his hand away from his frantic scrubbing, whispering calming words into his ear as her eyes locked on the blonde doctor who was sprinting to the pair, hands ripping open the plastic coating on a diffusion kit. Ansel fought against Fareeha, his instincts telling him to wipe the offending goo from his arm despite it eating at his hand.

Angela dropped to her knees and with a panic on her face that never reached her surgeon's hands, she poured the solution over the boy's arm and hand with a watery smile of reassurance. Fareeha leaned back, pulling her son firmly into her lap once the kit did its work, holding him close as Angela applied a nanite-infused gauze to the area. When the doctor was through, she leaned forward with shaking arms, wrapping the two in a hug.

The three sat on the floor in a lump. Fareeha breathing in her son's scent to calm her nerves and ground herself in the realization that he was safe. Angela silently begging for forgiveness for her lack of attention that lead to her son being hurt.

Ansel whimpering a small and quiet "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to."

Both mothers finally let the tears fall.

Chapter End Notes

I'm sorry, Ansel, you're my boy I swear.

Sit down, I'll get it

Chapter Summary

In which Angela is tired of Fareeha

No warnings apply.

Angela decided she was done with any bit of her current situation. Fareeha, however, could not be happier. She'd follow the waddling Angela around with a dopey grin on her face and the coddling was getting to the doctor. It was a few days into the second trimester when the blonde finally snapped.

Angela had just entered the kitchen for something to curb her hunger when in trotted her Egyptian wife. The ex-pilot took in the sight of her wife in sinfully tiny shorts and oversized tee that barely kept its stretched out neck on her body. Angela was trying to reach up for her go-to box of cereal when Fareeha's mocha hand grabbed it first, placing it on the counter and a kiss to Angela's bare shoulder. When Fareeha moved to the fridge for the milk, Angela nearly growled.

"Fareeha." Came the cold tone, stopping the woman in her tracks. "I am perfectly capable of making myself a bowl of cereal."

A pout, an honest to goodness pout, bloomed over Fareeha's full lips. Angela looked away before the puppy eyes started. "I'm just trying to help you, ya amar."

"Just... Sit down and let me do at least this." Angela said, shoulders drooping in defeat.

I was just thinking about you

Chapter Summary

In which Angela gets a call

No warnings apply.

(AU)

No one ever said that being in a relationship while in the military would be easy. Many people even gave the advice of 'wait until they're out before committing.' For Fareeha and Angela however, there was no chance of waiting. From the moment they laid eyes on each other in that rundown thrift shop (Angela donating items for resale and Fareeha killing time before her bus to basic training) they knew that they were meant to be.

Now, seven months later, they were still as strong as could be despite the distance and long swaths of time without communication. Every time Angela's phone would ring, her heart would simultaneously leap and freeze in her chest, never knowing if it would be her girlfriend or someone delivering the news that she was injured or worse. She tried to not let it get to her, tried to keep the negative thoughts from her mind, tried to picture Fareeha in the thrift shop, silly hat on her head.

Her phone rang. Number unknown.

Angela answered with trepidation and released her held breath when the crackly voice came through making her heart swell.

"Hey." Fareeha's greeting was always simple but the one word was full of so much more. Hope, longing, a hint of wistfulness.

"I was just thinking about you," Angela said, grin tinting her words. She curled up on the couch, one hand cradling her phone to her ear, the other fiddling with a loose string hanging from her sock. Their conversations never lasted long, the strict phone timetables allowing all squad members their chance to speak to loved ones made sure they never chatted over a few minutes. But they were always full of promises of futures, words of endearment and giddy grins and blushing on the blonde's part.

This time, it ended a bit different. Fareeha stumbled through an admittance of affection, her falling for the doctor, before clearing her throat and plowing forward with her next bit of news before Angela could respond.

"We're actually changing our movements a bit. We're going into a rough zone, so I won't be able to call for a bit. Just know that you're with me wherever I am, ya amar." Before Angela could question the odd term, Fareeha continued "So you be safe taking care of all of those crazy patients, okay?" A loud sound echoed through the earpiece of Angela's phone, masking a few words from the soldier before "-you, I'll talk to you soon." And then the call ended.

Angela sat back, phone clutched in her hand as her brain whirled around what Fareeha had said in the last bit of their conversation. She wanted to assume it was the three words that anyone in a

relationship hoped to hear from their significant other. She'd just have to ask next time they spoke.

Angela's phone never received an unknown caller again.

Sweet dreams

Chapter Summary

In which Fareeha is on nightmare duty.

No warnings apply.

The low hum of the ceiling fan and quiet chirping of crickets was interrupted by the door creaking open, small strip of light from the nightlight in the hallway illuminating the sleeping Egyptian. Tiny feet padded over the thick carpet, stopping at the side of the bed.

“Mama.” Dark amber eyes shot open, locking on the small boy inches from her face. Tear tracks painted his face, nose wet and finger in it’s usual place in the side of his mouth. Fareeha lifted the blanket and beckoned Ansel up to the bed. The boy quickly jumped up, tucking into Fareeha’s arms.

The Egyptian pulled him close, his small back slotting perfectly against her chest. She wrapped a secure arm around him, a silent promise of safety. “Did you have a nightmare, habibi?” A sniff and a small nod was the reply. “Was it about mami?” Fareeha asked after a few moments of silence.

“She was sleeping an’ didn’t wake up.” Ansel whispered, voice watery.

Fareeha gave a small sigh and dropped a kiss to the messy hair at her nose. “Mami is fine, little bird. She’ll be back before you know it.”

“But she didn’t wake up.” The repeated words proof that the dream shook her son to his core.

“Your mami can take care of herself, Ansel. She’s the strongest woman I’ve ever met.” The small back stiffened before shifting, blue eyes nearly glowing when they locked on her.

“No way!” Came the small voice, causing Fareeha to preen at his surprise. It was nice to see that her son felt she was stro- “There’s no way she’s stronger than Auntie Zary.” Chocolate eyes narrowed on her son before attacking his sides with nimble fingers.

“I’ll stop when you admit I’m stronger.” Fareeha threatened through laughs of her own, her low timbre nearly harmonizing with his higher pitched giggles.

“Mama is stronger!” Ansel squeezed out between laughs.

Fareeha nudged him back to his side, tucking him under an arm and chin. “That’s more like it.” She grinned and dropped another kiss to the top of his head. “Now sleep, little bird. This time the dreams will be sweet.”

I made reservations

Chapter Summary

In which the birds are late

No warnings apply.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Angela swept through the bedroom hands to her ear as she tried to simultaneously affix an earring and not trip on her floor-length gown. The dress was a showy thing, deep red satin with a strand of crystals running under the bust and over the shoulders, skirt hugging her small waist before flowing around her wide hips. Her full-length gloves would wait until they got closer to the venue.

Fareeha sat on the couch already dressed in a crisp black tuxedo, absently playing with the beading on her braids. With a sigh and another look to her watch, she called out for her wife. “Angela, we have to be there in fifteen minutes, I made res-”

The doctor nearly sprinted into the den, gloves clutched in one hand, small purse in the other. She was saying something, but Fareeha was too busy eyeing her wife, picturing the many ways she could ravage her without removing her lovely dress.

“Reservations?” The blonde asked.

“Yes,” Fareeha said, a sly smirk on her lips. “I have *many* reservations about letting you out of the house in that.”

Chapter End Notes

Holy crap you guys! I'm so happy that you are enjoying my weird ramblings. :D

I'm so stoked that we've hit over 2000 hits, over 100 comments, and over 150 kudos!
You guys are the best readers ever.

So that being said, shoot me some suggestions on Discord (or even bnet if you're feeling up to also being dragged into games with me and the wife) of things you wanna see and I'll work them into the rest of the prompts.

Discord: Lunari#4875
Battletag: Lunari#1131

Happy birthday

Chapter Summary

In which Fareeha is annoyed.

No warnings apply.

(This is total misplaced rage at people who spam this voice line)

Fareeha and Angela sat at a table in the commons, glaring holes into various surfaces in the room. Fareeha's jaw ticked with suppressed rage and Angela smoothed a calming hand over her girlfriend's forearm, other hand moving to pinch the bridge of her nose.

"I swear if he says it one more time, I'm killing him." Fareeha growled, eyes shooting over to the soot covered Australian.

"It's Mako's party, let him have a bit of fun, it'll be over soon." Angela placated. Not half a breath after the words left her lips did Jameson pop up between them with another chanted 'happy birthday' erupting from his wide mouth.

Fareeha leaped at him, Angela grabbed her arm with a pleading "Fareeha, *no!*" and the three tumbled to the floor.

It's two sugars, right?

Chapter Summary

In which Angela doesn't know how to feel about the recall

No warnings apply.

The recall. The event that never should have happened. Winston's bad decision that now everyone was suffering for. But despite Angela's bitterness at the gorilla, she was still here, still unpacking her crates of medical supplies into the medbay that she remembered as if it were yesterday.

She finished filling one drawer and shut it with a bit too much force and a low growl, startling a shocked sound out of the person who'd just entered. Angela looked up to the newcomer and took in the figure with a quick scan. Tall, nearly a full head taller than the doctor herself, broad shoulders, long and muscled limbs, dark skin and a tattoo under sooty eyes. Her heart leapt at that tattoo, thinking of another similar one she'd seen before Overwatch's first disbandment. A tattoo that was crinkled with faux shame at her theft and betrayal.

This tattoo was crinkled as well but with an embarrassed grin as the woman shrugged sheepishly, drawing Angela's eyes to the mugs in her hands.

"I figured I'd find you here." The woman said as she walked over to the table nearest the doctor and sat the mugs down. She began fishing through her pockets as she continued. "You always did enjoy staying here more than even your own quarters, Dr. Ziegler." The woman found what she was searching for and dropped a handful of wrinkled sugar packets on the table with a warm smile.

"I'm... sorry?" Angela started, confused eyes moving from the sugar to the woman in front of her.

Instantly the newcomer blushed, red tint barely visible on her dark cheeks, as she quickly scanned over herself. "No, I'm sorry. I suppose I have changed a bit since the last time you saw me." She extended a chiseled arm and Angela reflexively shook the offered hand. "Fareeha Amari. I was probably about this," She raised a hand to hip level "tall the last time you saw me."

Angela stood, hand still held in Fareeha's, in awe. A quick squeeze to her fingers and the warmth was gone from her hand. "You still take yours with two sugars, right?" Fareeha asked as she

pulled up a stool, gesturing to the cooling coffee.

And just like that, the recall didn't seem that terrible.

Cross my heart and hope to die

Chapter Summary

In which the birdmoms give some news.

No warnings apply.

Fareeha and Angela walked the five-year-old twins into their shared room and pointed them to Kamaj's bed. When they were perched on the edge of the bed Fareeha knelt before them, Angela joining them on the bed.

"Boys, I have some news," Fareeha said, a hand on each boy's knee. "Remember how mami and I told you that we wanted two special boys so much that we did whatever we could to get them?" The boys nodded, Ansel glancing up to Angela. The blonde gave him a reassuring rub to the back before looking pointedly back to her wife.

"Mami and I decided that we wanted one more for our family. We wanted you to have someone to love and play with and to watch your backs as much as you will theirs." Fareeha looked up at Angela, pride and happiness evident in her brown eyes.

"So in a few months," Angela began, smiling as both boys looked over with excitement. "You'll have a little sister." She smoothed a hand over her slightly swollen belly.

"And you two will have to protect her. Just like we will protect you all." Fareeha said, pulling their attention back.

"Just like you protect seebillians, mama?" Ansel asked, earning a chuckle from the doctor as his pronunciation.

"Yes, little bird, just like that," Fareeha said with a chuckle. "Can you do that for us?"

Both boys nodded fervently. Kamaj spoke up, his face fierce. "Cross our hearts and hope to die."

It can wait until tomorrow

Chapter Summary

In which Fareeha is sleepy

No warnings apply.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Fareeha flopped onto the bed with as much grace as a beached whale. Angela made a soft keening noise and rolled closer, wrapping sleepy arms around the Egyptian. As soon as her skin met Fareeha's sweat soaked tank top she recoiled, instantly awake.

"No! No no no, you go and shower right now." The blonde started to shove Fareeha off the bed.

"Ya amar," Came the whine. "It can wa-"

"If you so much as finish that thought, you will be out on the street." Angela threatened.

Fareeha stood with a slump of her shoulders and a pout. "But Angela, it's so Pharaoh-way." A glare from the doctor. "Fine but you're joining me." Angela began to protest. "Nope, what if I fall asleep and drown? I'm so tired after all."

Chapter End Notes

Pun retroactively added because kittykatkiki commented with it and it was perfect.

I picked these for you

Chapter Summary

In which Adie makes a trip

No warnings apply.

Adie Amari had so many things going for her. She'd been raised by an amazing pair of parents, been brought up along her two perfect brothers who embodied everything a person could strive for. She finally landed her dream job at NanTech in Zürich in her field of phytonanotechnology, altering plants for use in medicines and on the battlefield. It was a beautiful blend of her parents, a wonderful way to keep them close and to honor them.

She had so many things to tell her moms, so finally, she was taking the time to visit Cairo. It was an odd place for her mami, but she'd always claimed she liked the dry heat.

She pulled herself out of the cab, small suitcase, and bundle of flowers in her arms. As she approached the gate to the small grassy area she heaved a sigh, taking in the smell of oleander on the breeze. She made her way through the wrought iron gate and down the stone path as the birds cheered her on. Her path was familiar from her first few visits, a left here, right there, another right and then they're on the end. Nestled beneath a scarlet poinciana sat their white marble stone.

Here lie Angela "Mercy" Amari and Fareeha "Pharah" Amari

Mothers, Friends, Heroes

May the skies be always clear.

Adie stepped forward slowly, feet crunching fallen twigs as she made her way to her parents' final resting place. She sat, flowers placed on her knees. Her fingers traced over the wording on the stone as a tear slipped past her lashes. A hand moved to stubbornly brush it from her cheek and she swallowed.

"Hey, mama. Hi, mami." Her words were thick with tears. The breeze caught the wavy dark blonde hair from her side pony, tickling her nose, making the sniffles worse. "I picked these for you." She laid the flowers next to the stone and sat back to eye her work. Sitting there in that empty graveyard, truly alone, a bouquet of her mothers' favorite flowers laying dejected on the browning grass, Adie finally began to cry.

She could have cried for seconds or hours, mumbled words of love, apologies, regrets falling from her lips between sobs. She lay across the twin plots, fingers digging at the grass as if they were the fingers of her parents, clinging to anything that could hold on to their memory just a bit longer. Her hands shook, her chest shook. Her world hadn't stopped shaking since she lost them both.

She shouldn't have had to be an orphan at twenty-seven. She shouldn't have been left alone to navigate this weird world alone. She shouldn't have come here alone.

And then, as if summoned by her pain, her phone rang. She cracked tear-filled eyes and glanced at the screen. Kamaj. It was always Kamaj. He was everything their mama ever dreamed of being. Of course, he'd be calling to check in on her. She thumbed the icon to answer and waited as the call connected, quickly scrubbing her face of tears before the video synced.

Kamaj's face shifted from a passive worry at his sister not checking in when she landed to anguish when he took in her blotchy face. His face got larger on the screen, evidence of him pulling his phone closer as whispered comforts transmitted from her speaker. His familiar baritone swept over her and she began crying in earnest once more, only this time out of loneliness. She missed her family. She missed their stupid fights and crazy arguments. She missed pillow forts and silly card games that Uncle Jess would make weird rules to.

She missed the feeling of coming home to hugs and warm smiles.

She missed her mothers.

What do you want to watch?

Chapter Summary

In which Angela makes the jokes... sort of

No warnings apply.

Fareeha pulled Angela down onto the couch in the commons after forcibly dragging her from the med bay. There were no critical datasheets to be analyzed, no patients, no one even at the Watchpoint to get a papercut. Her girlfriend needed a break and she was going to make sure it happened.

Fareeha had already commandeered a blanket and bowl of popcorn complete with caramel drizzle. She tugged Angela into her side and wrapped an arm around her shoulders, tugging the blanket up over their curled legs with her free hand. She dropped the bowl of caramel popcorn in Angela's lap and leaned back, flipping the TV on.

"What do you want to watch?" Fareeha asked as she browsed the channels, trying to steer clear of anything news related should that make her girlfriend start to worry about not doing enough. A small squeak of embarrassment from the blonde beside her pulled her from her searching. Dark amber eyes glanced over the blonde as she sat with a hand over her mouth, blush already forming on her cheeks and down her neck.

"I'm sorry, Dr. Ziegler, were you about to make a corny joke?" Fareeha asked incredulously. Angela furiously shook her head, hand not leaving her mouth, as she fought to keep a laugh down.

Fareeha leaned over, lips millimeters from Angela's ear. "Were you going to say you'd rather watch me?" If possible, Angela's blush became harsher and she frantically shook her head, eyes wide and tearing up from her contained laughter. Fareeha gave a nip to Angela's earlobe. "It seems I'm rubbing off," She said with a teasing pass of hand over thigh. "On you, that is."

After you

Chapter Summary

In which the birds are lazy

No warnings apply.

Sunlight trailed through the gauzy curtains, lighting up lazy dust motes and stirring Fareeha from her sleep. Her arms tightened around the blonde on her chest as she dropped a kiss on the top of her head. Angela's sleepy groan was muffled by Fareeha's skin as she buried her face against her shirt.

"Come now, ya amar. We have things to do today." Fareeha reminded her wife, trailing fingertips along her exposed hip. Some muffled fusion of English, German and Arabic was spoken against her ribs causing the Egyptian to chuckle into blonde hair. She gave a loving squeeze to the lump. "Let's go."

"Alright," Angela sighed melodramatically. "I'm going." Silence took over as Angela began to move.

"You're not moving, habeebati." Fareeha's chuckles turned to full belly laughs as she watched her wife squirm further into the sheets.

Angela flopped over to her back with a huff. "Fine, after you then."

Fareeha began to make a big show of getting up before plopping down on Angela, face buried in pale neck. "I'm good."

Here drink this, you'll feel better

Chapter Summary

In which bro-jesse saves the day

No warnings apply.

Fareeha gave a grumpy scratch to the skin peeking out from under the bandage on her arm as she sat at a corner table in the commons. She'd just been released from the med bay with strict orders for rest. She'd refused any medication as was her usual, instead choosing to mope as her pain relief. A tumbler of honey colored liquid dropped in front of her with a soft clink.

“Knowin’ you, you hightailed it before the good doctor could give you anything to help with that,” Jesse said as he dropped into the chair opposite her. “So drink up, you need something to take the edge off.”

Stay there, I'm coming to get you.

Chapter Summary

In which Fareeha goes mama-bear.

Warnings: Homophobic slur (one use), kind of abuse of a minor? The kid's eighteen but still in high school.

(The birbs had the twins at 36 (Fareeha) and 41 (Angela), they are 17 here. So just imagine a 53-year-old bad ass Fareeha.)

Fareeha was in her usual spot while the kids were at school: on the floor of the garage looking into the undercarriage of the clunker she'd picked up as a hobby. She was just pulling herself out from under the old car when her phone rang. She stood, pulling the towel from the back pocket of her fatigues to wipe her hands and face down, and moved to grab her phone. Adie's face was displayed on the front.

Slightly confused, she checked the time readout on the top of the screen and saw that school had been out for ten minutes. She thumbed the answer icon, wiping her neck with her towel.

The video hadn't even synced, the screen still black, when Adie's fearful voice began transmitting, though it was hard to understand her scared daughter as every few words were overshadowed by screams and cheers and Adie's pleading. "Mama! The boys---Ansel---but Kamaj is tak---please, he's---hurt!"

At the first panicked word from her thirteen-year-old, Fareeha had already been moving to her motorcycle, one hand clutched on the phone, the other slamming a helmet over her head. "Adie, just stay safe. I'll be right there." She flicked the windscreen down. "Do you want me to stay on the phone?"

"No mama, drive safe." And the call ended. Fareeha stored her phone in one of the pockets of her fatigues and wiped her sweaty palm against the wifebeater clinging to her torso before revving her bike and peeling out onto the street.

When she arrived at the school she immediately knew where her children were. There was a circle of teenagers standing away from the school near student parking, huddled under a tree. Adie stood between the mass of teens and Fareeha's approaching bike, arms clutched around her stomach and tears visible on her cheeks. The girl started sprinting towards her mother, shouting at the woman as she approached.

“Mama, a senior said something mean to Ansel. Kamaj just started hitting him!” Adie’s chocolate eyes were overflowing with tears, both from fear and relief that her mother was there.

As Fareeha pulled her helmet off and thumbed off the bike, she asked: “What did he say to Ansel?”

“He called him a fag, mama.”

Adie hadn’t even finished speaking before Fareeha saw red and thundered to the crowd of cheering students, slamming her shoulder between them to leverage her way into the circle. Kamaj was locked with a much larger boy on the ground, both of their faces bloody, her son favoring his right side. Without a thought of repercussions, Fareeha struck, her body remembering her days of combat. Both hands lashed out, one grabbing her son by the shoulder, the other hand wrapping around the back of the senior’s neck. She pulled them apart, physically pushing Kamaj back with a hand to the sternum. She pointed behind him to Adie and a crying Ansel. “You go to them.” She all but growled.

The second she saw her son turn to walk away she spun, rounding on the boy she still held by the back of the neck, hands slipping to grab the lapels of his letterman jacket. With a strength that surprised the senior, the kids watching and even her own children, Fareeha lifted the boy and slammed his back into a nearby tree. Dark eyes narrowed as she leaned in, teeth bared in rage, grease stains on her cheek and neck lending to her sinister look.

“If you *ever* so much as *look* at any of my children again.” She spat, voice the calm, deep timbre of her Raptora days, “I will personally scatter you around the city.” A forceful slam of his shoulders, digging him into the bark, his feet swinging for purchase. “Am I clear.” She all but demanded.

His stuttered ‘yes ma’am’ had barely passed his lips before she dropped him. His knees gave out and he fell completely, watching as the woman calmly walked away, wrapping an arm around Ansel and gesturing for Adie to follow with a limping Kamaj.

When the family reached the twins’ cars, she paused and looked over her children. They seemed to be shaken up but otherwise unscathed. She tightened her grip on Ansel, leaning in to whisper calming words and a soft smile. When she received a watery grin in response, she kissed his temple and straightened up. She moved to her eldest boy and began to gently press against the right side of his ribs. Feeling nothing amiss, she pointed to his car. “Kamaj, you drive your siblings home. Mami and I will come to get Ansel’s car. I need to have a word with the headmaster.” The three climbed into the car and Fareeha waited until they were out of the parking lot before stomping up to the school, shooting a final look to the senior still sitting under the tree.

Come here, let me fix it

Chapter Summary

In which the birds have a routine of sorts?

No warnings apply.

Fareeha's shouted curse caught Angela's ear. The doctor heaved a sigh and sat down her book before making her way to the garage. Before she'd even reached the connecting washroom, she was shouting over Fareeha's muttered cursing "Come here, I'll fix it."

Look both ways

Chapter Summary

In which Fareeha says goodbye.

No warnings apply.

“Fareehali, you’re going to have to wait outside,” Angela said with a slightly downturned mouth as they stood next to their car, the boys sitting in their booster seats in the back. When her wife began to protest, the blonde continued. “If the boys see you acting like this, they’ll never stay a full day.”

“I can hold it together. I’ve been in worse situations.” Fareeha scoffed, trying to mask the sadness on her face.

Angela gave her wife a placating smile. “We both know that the second they walk through that door, you’ll lose it.” Angela gave a comforting squeeze to the taller woman’s biceps. “First days are very important, Liebe. They need to be able to do this without thinking they’re killing their mama.”

Fareeha just sighed, knowing that the fight was lost. She nodded and plastered a smile on her face before leaning past Angela to open the back door. Once the twins were out and on the pavement complete with backpacks, Fareeha waved them off. “Be safe, ya abnā. Look both ways!”

Angela laughed as she lead the boys across the street. “It’s a one way, foot traffic lane.”

“Life lessons, ya amar!” Fareeha called back, earning a fluttering hand over her wife’s shoulder as the only response. She stood at attention and watched her wife take her two boys into the building. The first few tears slid down her cheeks. She’d never admit it aloud, but Angela was right. She would have never held it together if she’d gone into the school with them.

I'll pick it up after work

Chapter Summary

In which Angela is sleepy.

No warnings apply.

Angela finally finished her scrub-down from surgery and tiredly walked back to her office to finalize paperwork and check her emails. The surgery hadn't been particularly long, but the stress of it had been at a caliber she hadn't seen since sewing up a severed artery in Syria. She gave her forehead a tired rub and picked up her phone, noticing a missed call from Fareeha. Thumbing the redial she slumped into her chair, dropped her head onto her arm and balance the phone on her upturned ear. She'd nearly fallen asleep by the time Fareeha answered.

"Hey, sorry to interrupt your day but Adie's medication will be running out over the weekend, could you get a refill?" Fareeha asked, the sound of clinking dishes echoing through the phone. Angela yawned. "Yeah, I'll stop by and pick it up on the way home."

The clinking stopped. "Oh, are you not at the hospital?"

"What?" Angela asked, not expecting the question, her tired mind racing to catch on to the conversation. "Yes, why wouldn't I be?"

A sigh tinted with a smile came through the speaker. "Ya amar, you have a pharmacy there."

Can I have this dance?

Chapter Summary

In which the birds dance.

No warnings apply.

The day had been perfect. Angela's dress had been perfect all white silk and gold embroidery. Fareeha's vows had been perfect and left not a dry eye in the cathedral.

Now, the bride sat behind a table with Jack, the man with a huge smile on his face as he proudly clapped Angela on the shoulder. Fareeha made her way over, shaking hands and saying her thanks as she went. She stopped next to Angela with a small bow, hand extended.

"Mrs. Amari, may I have this dance?"

Are you sure?

Chapter Summary

In which Fareeha tries new things.

Warnings: Smut. Yeah.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Fareeha was on the bed, knees and hands bracing against the mattress. Angela knelt at her side, pale hand tracing over her bare spine before soft fingertips moved along scars and muscle. “Are you-”

Angela’s words were cut off as Fareeha raised up and captured her lips. Angela was still unsure, shy about their planned bit of play. Fareeha drew the nervousness from her with nipping teeth and a suck of her plump bottom lip. Dark hands trailed up Angela’s waist, thumbs caressing the underside of her breasts. Fareeha dropped open mouthed kisses down Angela’s throat before trailing a hand down to the apex of the blonde’s thighs and their new favorite toy that sat perched there, wrapping a large hand around it and pumping once.

It was the first bit of stimulation Angela had received from it and her shouted moan caught them both by surprise. Fareeha chuckled and gave it a few more pumps before attacking her wife’s neck once more. The hand not on Angela’s cock trailed down her arm before catching Angela’s fingers between her own and tugging her hand to Fareeha’s parted thighs. “I’m so,” She whispered throatily against Angela’s neck as she pressed Angela’s hand against her, “Very ready.” She gave a firm pull on the rod in her hand. The blonde’s deep moan above her had her fighting the urge to thrust against the small hand between her legs and she forced herself to sit up to her full height, looking down at Angela with nothing but love and lust.

“You’ll need to go slow. I’ve nev-” This time it was Angela that silenced Fareeha with a kiss. The blonde nodded as she broke the kiss, blue eyes locked on her wife’s as she ran a hand down her spine, adding a bit of pressure to the small of her back to lower Fareeha to her hands. Angela moved behind the Egyptian, fingers ghosting along skin and leaving gooseflesh in their wake. She marveled at her pale, small hands against the caramel skin of her lover’s backside before squeezing and using her grip to roll Fareeha’s hips, giving her better access to drag her tongue across the clit nestled between glistening lips. Fareeha shuddered, moan quivering, as Angela delved her tongue deeper before drawing away to slide a flattened tongue over her parted lips. Angela’s thumb took over on Fareeha’s clit, tongue exclusively fucking her. Fareeha’s toes curled. She jumped a bit when Angela’s tongue went higher, circling and then dipping into the new entrance. The blonde stroked Fareeha’s hip, whispering calming words against an asscheek before dropping a kiss on her skin. The thumb on Fareeha’s clit pulled away to be replaced with two nimble fingers thrusting in, fingers curling slightly. At the Egyptian’s deep moan, Angela’s tongue

was back, teasing her entrance, right hand reaching to the pillow for the small bottle of lubricant. She popped the lid with her thumb and squeezed a bit onto her fingers, her left hand never leaving the quivering warmth of her wife.

Angela sat back on her heels and added a bit of the lube directly to Fareeha before snapping the lid and trailing slick fingers over the tight hole. The Egyptian's breath hitched.

“*Atmen, Liebe.*” Angela crooned, index finger teasing, tip dipping inside as Fareeha gave a shuddery exhale. Angela's soft words of encouragement continued as she withdrew her fingertip before slowly sinking further and further each time. Encouragement turned to praise when Fareeha had taken a full finger. Angela gave a few curled-finger thrusts with her left hand before withdrawing and using Fareeha's own essence to further lube up the hand stretching her ass. “*Zwei...*” Angela whispered as she slowly began sinking a second digit into her wife. She continued with two fingers, adding more lubricant as needed, scissoring and stretching to adjust Fareeha to the next step.

When the woman's breath turned to moans and her hips began to roll back against Angela's hand she grabbed up the bottle of lube once more and coated her toy generously before adding more to Fareeha's hole. Fareeha tensed when she felt the wide head against her but Angela's hand was already there, smoothing over any fear she had. The thumb returned to her clit as Angela pressed forward. “*Atmen, atmen...*” Angela chanted and Fareeha groaned as the tip popped past the ring of muscle. The pressure on her clit increased causing Fareeha to roll her hips and take Angela further. The joint sensations pulled a keening moan from the soldier and she rolled her hips again. Another moan and panted breath. She sank further back. Her head dropped to hang lifelessly between quaking shoulders. Another roll of her hips and she was fully pressed against Angela.

The doctor merely sat on her knees, watching her wife fuck herself on her cock, lip caught between teeth to stop any sounds that could break the spell and cause the timid first-timer to return. No, Angela decided she liked this version of her wife. This version that wantonly took her own pleasure. At a particularly delicious gasp from the soldier, Angela gave a shallow thrust and Fareeha's head shot back up, fingers clenched in the sheets. Angela froze, a hand caressing smooth back.

“Again.” Came the whimper. A *whimper* from the tall, strong and proud Pharah. Angela could only oblige as she thrust again, slightly deeper. A shuddered breath from below her, another request and Angela was rolling her hips into Fareeha nearly sinking in completely. Fareeha dropped her face to the mattress as Angela kept thrusting into her, mouth parted in silent pleasure.

The tightness squeezing around Angela was nearly her undoing and she gave a sharp thrust, bottoming out. She *felt* Fareeha's moan.

“*Bitte.*” Fareeha pleaded and Angela nearly came. She looked down at her wife, face down in

the sheets, slight sheen of sweat coating her back, fingers clenching and unfurling. *Begging*. No one had ever seen this brave soldier in this state. Angela gave another firm thrust. No one would see her like this again. Another thrust. She was Angela's. This view was Angela's. Another thrust and she was leaning over, pale hand gripping the back of Fareeha's neck in a gentle but firm hold, fingers splayed over her trapezius muscle and she pulled, forcing the cock even deeper.

Fareeha nearly shattered. She was lost in sensation and pleasure and *fuck* Angela's thumb was back on her clit, circling in time with strong thrusts into her sensitive ass. Her feet kicked up as a spike of pleasure streaked through her. A keening noise was dripping past her lips, hips slamming back to meet Angela's.

A tug of Angela's hand and Fareeha was being pulled up, back flush to chest. Angela's hand slipped around, lightly draped over Fareeha's throat, fingertips pressing at her chin, directing her head back. The blonde's left hand sped up, fingers rolling, pinching and tapping at Fareeha's clit, fingers dipping inside her dripping cunt as she slammed her hips up.

Angela was fighting off her orgasm, determined to bring Fareeha to hers before she succumbed. The sounds of ragged breaths and wet flesh filled the room, Fareeha's throaty whimper climbing higher in pitch, abs and thighs clenching. She twisted, arms reaching up to clutch at the back of Angela's head, fingers digging into her hair and she pulled Angela's lips to her own, crying her release into her wife's mouth.

Angela's hand dropped from Fareeha's throat to belt around her chest and in a few more quick thrusts, she came.

Kisses turned to pecks and Angela was gently directing Fareeha to lay back down on her stomach, easing her cock from Fareeha's ass. When she was free, she removed the toy and laid down next to her wife, pulling the larger woman into her arms with a kiss to caramel shoulder.

Chapter End Notes

Atmen, Liebe - Breathe, love.

Zwei - Two

Bitte - Please

I like your laugh

Chapter Summary

In which Angela runs a test.

Warning: Nanite drug reference? Is that even a thing? Is this even considered drugs?

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

In retrospect, tweaking her nanites to alter pain receptors was easy. As she sat on the floor, knees pressed into the corner of her lab, hyperspeed Swiss-German pouring from her lips however, it seemed a bit more difficult. Angela never put anything out into the field that she wasn't willing to test or use on herself. While this had left her with a few more scars or unexplainable ticks, it allowed her to sleep better at night knowing that some small child wouldn't grow an extra body part because of her tech.

She'd had Athena run the simulations and her latest round of pain relieving nanites seemed to be functional. She'd ran a few more panels, looked over a few more readouts, and when she was confident in her latest change, began her test.

Each test of nanites began the same: scalpel making a small incision on the inside of her forearm and then immediate injection of her latest serum. Everything had gone correctly and the wound even closed in record time. The pain was gone nearly immediately. Just as Angela moved to write her findings into her notes, her world shifted.

There was some melodic tone thrumming through her lab, her hands felt squishy and surely she'd have noticed if someone had painted her white walls into technicolor marble.

Some small part of her brain that was still a functioning doctor lead her to sit down until the moment passed. That is how she found herself on the floor, pressed into the corner talking gibberish at the wall.

That is how Fareeha found her.

The pilot had entered the medbay to bring her girlfriend a bite to eat as she knew the doctor was testing that day and would never see outside of the white and glass walls unless someone intervened. The melodic Swiss-German was nearly a song coming from behind Angela's desk,

from the...floor? Fareeha cocked her head in confusion and made her way to the desk, peeking over the edge and finding the doctor with her face planted in the corner. In shock, Fareeha dropped the plastic, sandwich-filled container and fell to her knees beside the blonde, pulling her into her arms.

“‘Reeha!” Angela exclaimed when she realized why she was suddenly moving. “I made a *durch* ... *dur*,” She broke into giggles. “*Durchbruch* is such a silly sounding word. You say it, I wanna hear it with your sexy accent.”

Fareeha sat dumbfounded and at Angela’s pleading eyes, attempted to say the very German word, her Arabic trained tongue slaughtering the pronunciation but sending Angela into another fit of giggles nonetheless. “Angela...” Fareeha began when the blonde had calmed, sweeping her bangs aside to take in the blown eyes of her doctor. “Are you...are you high?”

“No silly, I’m sitting right here. I’d be,” Angela pointed to the ceiling. “Up there if I were high.”

Fareeha sighed and stood. “Are you ‘not-high’ enough to tell me where your flushing serum is?” The pilot followed the giggled directions and found said syringe. To be safe she slotted it in an analytic bay and asked Athena to double check the makeup before she moved to stand behind the doctor. By the time she’d returned, Angela had taken up a fascination with the line running from floor to ceiling, rocking slightly as she followed it with her eyes.

Fareeha couldn’t help but laugh as the situation caught up with her. Here was a world renowned surgeon, stoned in her own office.

Angela’s head dropped back. “I like your lau- Hey, why are you on the ceiling? *How* are you on the ceiling? Now *you’re* high!” A gasp. “I’m going to have to dismiss you from duty!”

“Alright, you’re done.” Fareeha grumbled as she moved forward, tugged up the knee length skirt a few inches and plunged the needle into the blonde’s thigh. The flushing serum did it’s job and within a few moments Angela was herself again.

She blinked tiredly at the Egyptian. “Please tell me I was dreaming all of that...” She begged before falling forward into her girlfriend’s arms, dead asleep.

Chapter End Notes

You didn't have to ask

Chapter Summary

In which Fareeha's plans go wrong

No warnings apply.

Fareeha had planned the night as if she were extracting a diplomat from a war zone. Every detail, any possible outcomes, different scenarios, backup plans and even an evacuation strategy. She didn't see the night coming to that, but it never hurt to be prepared.

The restaurant was picked, the staff instructed on candles and violin music and don't ask about dessert, just bring it. The playlist for the drive to and from their dinner was programmed, different songs chosen for different outcomes. She'd picked out her clothing a week prior, leaving it on a hanger in the back of her closet stuffed with dryer sheets.

With a shaky sigh she stepped out of her house, hand patting the pockets in her dress slacks checking for her necessary items. Satisfied, she got in the car and sped off to pick up her date.

That's when everything began to go downhill.

On the way to pick up Angela it began to rain. When she got out to walk her girlfriend to the car, the umbrella was caught in the wind, leaving the pair unprotected and soaked. The restaurant had lost their reservations and their table was already taken. They walked down the street in search of a new place and finally chose a small bistro. Angela's chosen meal ended up being too spicy for her to eat and Fareeha's was underwhelming. The Egyptian held back a sigh as she paid the check, standing to help her date to her feet.

As they left the bistro, Angela picked up on the melancholy pilot, grabbing her hand and pulling her to a stop next to a brick retaining wall. She reached a hand up to run a thumb over the tattoo under a sad eye. "Fareehali, don't let tonight get you down, sometimes there are just bad days." Angela said with a small smile.

"But tonight needed to be perfect." The pilot pouted, shoving her hands into her pockets.

Angela's tinkling laugh rang through the night air. "Why would I ever expect a storybook night when you're so lovably, imperfectly perfect?" A pale hand reached out to tug at a dinner jacket sleeve. "Any night with you is amazing, even if I do end up wet with a sore tongue."

The words hung there for a moment between them, Angela blushing and Fareeha turning red for an entirely different reason before clearing her throat. "Tonight just needed to be perfect," Fareeha said again, hand fumbling in her pocket. She withdrew her hand, small black object clutched in her fingers. "Because I wanted to ask if you'd marry me." Fareeha held up the velvet box between them, opened to reveal the simple gold band and asscher cut diamond.

Angela stood in shock. Fareeha stood in trepidation. Her mouth starting to form words of apology, making ready to use her evacuation plan, when Angela leapt forward, arms wrapped around the taller woman's neck.

The smile was evident in her voice when she whispered “You didn’t have to ask, silly.”

I made your favorite

Chapter Summary

In which Kamaj is a good brother

No warnings apply.

Adie's sobs could be heard over the soft notes of the piano as Angela sat at the keys, fingers playing a slow melody. Fareeha was leaving the girl's room, sad smile in place.

The ex-pilot made her way over to the loveseat near the piano and sat, dropping her head into her hands. "I need a manual for teen angst and how to deal with breakups."

Angela hummed in agreement, fingers still lightly plucking the keys. "We knew this day would come eventually."

Fareeha looked over, forehead still in her hand, elbow braced on a knee. "She's eleven."

"Going on twenty." Angela added, slight smile on her lips. A calm dropped over the two as Angela picked up the tempo, switching the song to something more upbeat, grinning widely at her wife and earning a smile from the Egyptian.

"Adie's crying and I'm going to be sick." Came the voice from the doorway. Both moms turned to see Kamaj leaning against the frame, a bowl of something in his hand. With a mutter about getting a room, he left and knocked on his sister's door.

"Okhti, I'm coming in." Kamaj announced before slowly opening the door. His next words could barely be heard before he shut the door behind him. "I made your favorite."

Is your seatbelt on?

Chapter Summary

In which Fareeha is just your average cop.

Warning: Depiction of injury.

(AU)

The downside to being a city cop was the lack of real time off. Fareeha couldn't just turn a blind eye when she saw misdeeds happening around her. She couldn't ignore someone's cry for help. She couldn't pass up the flipped car on the side of the road.

She brought her motorcycle to a screeching halt, foot barely flicking the kickstand to keep it upright in her haste to get to the wreck. She slipped down the small embankment, boots sliding on dew covered grass, already shouting into her phone the need for medical assistance. She dropped to her knees next to the upside down driver's window, head ducking to peer inside.

Lying at an odd angle of shoulder and neck, one arm sprawled over the ceiling of the car with a hand reached toward the window, was a woman, blonde hair stuck to skin with blood. A caramel hand reached out, fingers on a pulse point and Fareeha heaved a sigh of relief when she felt a heartbeat.

"Miss!" She called but received no answer. She raised the volume a bit and added a small thumb stroke to her hand. "Miss, you've been in an accident, can you hear me?" A flutter of eyelids. "My name is Lieutenant Amari, I'm with the police." She tucked two fingers into the woman's palm in a comforting gesture.

The woman's eyes cracked open, blue and bloodshot. Fareeha gave her fingers a gentle squeeze. "Don't panic, I'll get you out of there, I just need you to stay calm for me, okay?"

The small, accented 'okay' was like music to her ears. Fareeha leaned back and pulled off her leather jacket, laying it over the shattered glass of the window before laying down and wiggling a bit into the window. She quickly assessed the situation, taking in the woman's legs resting on the steering wheel, back slumped but otherwise seemingly intact, one arm obviously broken, the apparent head wound.

"Can you move both feet for me?" The woman obliged weakly. "Good job. I'm going to try and prep you for evac, okay miss?"

"Angela." The woman responded. "Dr. Angela Ziegler." The words were soft but gaining in strength. "I work at Veteran's Memorial Hospital."

Fareeha smiled, her eyes locking with the doctor's, the sound of sirens wailing in the distance but closing on their position quickly. "Well then, doc. I suppose it's time to get you out of there." Fareeha backed out of the car and moved to the side to allow the approaching medics room to work. Angela's hand latched onto her wrist before she could back away completely. Sensing the woman's need, Fareeha knelt and moved her hand to more comfortably hold the doctor's fingers.

She smiled reassuringly at a small, pained cry as the woman was effectively cut from the car. She stayed by her side as she was strapped to the gurney. She climbed into the back of the ambulance as she was rushed to the emergency room. She sat at Angela's bedside as she recovered, shocked to learn that there would be no other visitors for the doctor. Fareeha helped her through her physical therapy. Fareeha held her as Angela mourned the loss of her career, shattered hand healing but not enough to ever hold surgical tools again.

Fareeha held her as Angela kissed her. She stood by the ex-doctor's side through it all.

You might like this

Chapter Summary

In which Angela is honored.

No warnings apply.

Fareeha walked into the kitchen, bright green folder in her hand and a smile on her face. She stepped up behind her wife who sat at the table peeling potatoes, dropped a kiss on the top of her head and moved to sit beside her. She opened the folder and turned a few pages.

“Listen to this,” Fareeha began, mirth barely contained. “You might like it.” Angela laid her peeler down and picked off a few stray pieces of potato skin from her fingers, turning her full attention to her wife. “Apparently Adie had to write a report.”

“They do reports that early? She’s seven!” Angela asked, brow raised.

“Ya amar, you’re missing the point.” Fareeha said with a laugh. “She had to write about her hero.”

“So she obviously either picked you or her Papa.” Angela said, though she was leaning more toward Reinhardt than Fareeha judging by the way her wife was acting. Fareeha’d be much more fluffed up if the report was about her.

Without answering, Fareeha began to read. ““My hero is my mami. She’s a doctor. She uses science to fix people and make them not dead.”” Angela laughed at this, wiping misty eyes. ““When I grow up I want to fix people, too. But I want to use flowers to do it. Flowers are prettier than science.””

Just because

Chapter Summary

In which Fareeha is surprised.

No warnings apply.

Fareeha turned the key and entered their house. She had at least a couple hours before Angela got home, giving her enough time to order delivery. There was no way she'd be able to stay awake long enough to make dinner for the both of th- She froze in the doorway. She smelled food. Was she that hungry, that tired that she was hallucinating? She cautiously crept toward the kitchen and the vision that met her eyes made her jaw drop.

Angela stood at the stove, pleated apron around her waist, humming a jaunty tune as she pulled something from the oven. As if she sensed her wife's presence, she turned and smiled. "I got off early, so I thought I'd do something to celebrate."

"What are we celebrating?" Fareeha asked as she walked further into the room, dropping her duffel by the table.

Angela shrugged. "I don't know, just because I guess."

You're warm

Chapter Summary

In which it happens again.

Warnings: Depiction of injury, character death.

Usually, the sounds of rockets slicing through the air were a comfort to Mercy. They meant her girlfriend was close by, watching over her team and stopping would-be attackers. They meant that Pharah was in the sky as her constant protector.

This time, they meant death.

From her time working with Pharah, Mercy knew that rockets weren't the easiest to aim, needing the shooter to calculate wind speed, target movement and travel time on the fly to land a successful hit. Mercy knew that the Raptora's helmet let Pharah bypass much of this, so she was confused when a ground soldier was able to shoot her from the sky as she floated above the war zone with her partner.

Mercy didn't feel the hit to her side, shock already setting in. She began to fall, Pharah's shout drawing her eyes up to the blue armor in time to see it at full thrust heading toward her. A strong arm looped around her just under her arms, avoiding the gaping wound at her waist. Pharah fired a round at the shooter on the ground, taking him out instantly as she descended, calling over her comms for a spare medic to meet them.

By the time she'd touched down, Mercy was already fading. Pharah gently laid her at her feet and dropped to a knee, ripping off her gauntlets for better traction as she began triage. Mercy groaned as Pharah pulled away charred bits of her flight suit, trying to flinch away, the movement thick and sluggish as only half of her body responded.

Another shout for a medic through the comms.

Pharah glanced up and saw tears leaking from Mercy's crystal blue eyes and she reached a hand up to brush them away. Her angel looked at her then and the pilot read every emotion on her face: pain, regret, resignation, love.

"It doesn't hurt any more Fareeha, thank you." She whispered. A broken sound pulled from Fareeha as she tossed her helmet aside, bending over to drop a quick kiss on trembling lips. "You're so warm, Fareeha. You should rest."

"You first, ya amar. Help will be here soon." Fareeha sat, knees pulled up to her chest, hand stroking Angela's bangs, not moving from her position even as the rest of her team finally showed up.

Not moving as Reinhardt picked up Mercy's lifeless body and carried it to the transport.

Not moving as she mourned her broken soul.

I did the dishes

Chapter Summary

In which the boys help out.

No warnings apply.

The sound of dropped cup drew Fareeha to the kitchen to check on the situation. Judging from the current standings in the Amari household, it would be Kamaj, most likely scaling counters in order to reach something Angela had stashed away.

She froze in the doorway.

Ansel stood on a kitchen chair at the sink, covered in suds and soaked to the bone. He turned to look at Fareeha, wide smile showing his missing teeth. “I did the dishes for you, mama!”

Be careful

Chapter Summary

In which Fareeha is curious.

No warnings apply

Fareeha stepped into the armory to a rare sight. The Valkyrie lay in pieces on one of the work tables. She cast her eyes around the room looking for the doctor but didn't see her anywhere. Fareeha stopped at the table and hungrily took in the details of the armor, fingers dancing in the air above various components. She'd always wanted to get a closer look at the armor, but the only time it made its way out of the storage bay was for missions and that never really afforded a good opportunity to ogle it.

She picked up the wing harness, amazed at how light it was compared to a piece of her Raptora. Setting it down, she hefted a wing itself and noticed it was also made of the same lightweight metal. Upon further inspection, she noticed a bit of grime in one of the feather joints. Pulling the ever-present towel from her back pocket, she wrapped it around a fingertip and went to work cleaning off the dirt.

She had just laid the piece back down and was preparing to pick up another bit of the Valkyrie tech when a pale hand shot out of nowhere, swatting at her forearm.

"Be careful with that, you are touching my life's work." Angela stood red-faced as if she'd just ran twenty laps around the watchpoint, breaths coming heavy, toolkit clutched in her non-swatting hand.

"I've never had the chance to inspect your gear this close." A glare from Angela. "I was curious..." The statement was phrased like a question and didn't appease the doctor. "I was only trying to help, I'm sorry." Fareeha finally placated.

Angela only grinned. "It's fun watching you squirm. Now, if you're careful you may help." The two pulled up stools and began the work of cleaning and repairing the Valkyrie, chatting and joking late into the night.

Did you get my letter?

Chapter Summary

In which Kamaj writes home.

No warnings apply.

Hi moms,

I'm not used to sending mail this way. I'm not even sure if you got my first letter. In case you didn't, here's a quick rundown:

As you know, I was deployed to Sudan, but we're moving on pretty soon. It's so different here. It reminds me of Cairo when we'd go visit gidida and opa. I don't know how you did it, mama. This heat plus your gear? I'm baking alive and yours was metal!

I miss you both.

You, Ansel and Adie are in my mind every day but don't worry mama, I'm staying focused. And I'm pretty sure my conscience sounds like mami now.

I hope I'm making you proud. Mama, I know you wanted me to do something different and not follow your path, but gidida wanted the same for you and look how you turned out, right? Besides, Mami always says it's our actions, not our decisions that make us who we are. Anyone can make a choice, but only heroes take action.

I'd like to think that I'm a hero. I'd like to think I'm living up to your expectations of me.

I think I'm making you proud.

I love you all. Yes, even Adie.

Your son,

ڪماڇ

You can do it

Chapter Summary

In which Angela tries new things.

No warnings apply. hehe

Angela sat with her thighs spread over the warm metal, knuckles white and her whole body trembling. It was her first time even trying this but of course, she'd do anything for her Egyptian girlfriend. The woman was so very convincing with her soft words mumbled with that raspy undertone. *Try it, Angela. I'll teach you, Angela. You'll enjoy it, Angela.*

Which is how she ended up sitting on Fareeha's motorcycle, scared out of her mind.

Fareeha stood at her side, one hand on a handgrip and the other on Angela's lower back. "For your first few rides, I'll be on with you so I can take over if things go south. Then when you're comfortable you'll go solo. But you'll be fine, okay? You can do it." The pilot dropped a kiss to Angela's temple before climbing on behind her and scooting forward until she was flush against the pale, trembling back.

She instructed Angela through the needed steps for a proper departure and with a long arm reaching forward to press her hand to Angela's, she guided her through her first acceleration. Angela quickly brought the bike to a stop and squealed in excitement.

"See? I knew you could do it!" Fareeha said with a hug around her girlfriend. "You'll be a pro in no time!"

I believe in you

Chapter Summary

In which Angela is proud.

No warnings apply.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Fareeha paced nervously, hands clenched together and her lip caught between her teeth. A pair of agents walked past the room she was hiding in and she shot ramrod straight. Forbid anyone see her as a nervous wreck. As soon as they passed completely, she resumed her previous attempt to wear a hole in the concrete flooring.

“You’ll be great.” Came the heavenly voice of her wife from the doorway. Of course Angela knew she was freaking out. She turned and took in the vision that was Angela. It’d been awhile since Fareeha had seen her in any form of the formal Overwatch dress blues and the sight made her mouth run dry. “They couldn’t have picked anyone better. You’ll do great things, I believe in you and what you will do.” Angela stepped forward and gave her a strong, reassuring hug. “Now go, they’re ready. I’ll be waiting for you.”

Fareeha nodded and dropped a quick kiss on the doctor’s lips and a second on the corner of her mouth. “Well, until then, I guess.” And she was gone.

Angela sorted out her blushing face and headed out to the auditorium, taking her assigned seat in the front row. She watched as her wife walked out onto the stage, not an ounce of her previous fear present. She stood as proud as ever as speeches were made and pins applied to her ever growing ribbon rack. She saluted when needed and shook hands.

Angela was crying, tears of joy and pride rolling down her cheeks. As she stood to clap, she whispered, “*Viel Glück Alles Gueti*, Strike Commander.”

Chapter End Notes

Viel Glück Alles Gueti - Good luck

I noticed

Chapter Summary

In which Fareeha visits the medbay.

Warnings: Slight depiction of injury.

Angela was just finishing up her inventory when the doors slid open with a hiss, admitting Fareeha in the bottom half of her Raptora. She could instantly tell that the pilot was in pain though she was probably the only person at the watchpoint save the woman's mother that could read Fareeha that well.

There was a bit more stiffness to the pilot's usual saunter as she walked to an exam table, smirk firmly in place on her full lips. Angela laid her tablet down and met the pilot at the table, reaching out a steadying hand when Fareeha climbed up.

Angela made a circle around the pilot, biting down the gasp when she got to her back. The flight-suit on her back was chewed away revealing burned and blistered skin.

"I was testing out new propulsion systems and it uh, malfunctioned," Fareeha explained, wincing slightly as the doctor gently pulled at the thermalweave.

Angela hummed in agreement, a small smile on her lips. "I noticed." She began to clean up the injured flesh after dousing it with a bit of nanites programmed for pain relief. As she set to work she asked her normal probing questions. When she reached "So what about your propulsion system?" Fareeha began explaining. The two sat in the calm of the medbay, the Egyptian rambling about pulse propulsion far longer than it took for the doctor to finish patching her up.

It doesn't bother me

Chapter Summary

In which Fareeha needs to talk to her mom.

No warnings apply.

“Ami, could I talk to you?” Fareeha asked, knocking quietly on the door to the woman’s office. She’d been reappointed to second in command upon her return though anyone who knew Ana Amari and her role in the new Overwatch knew she called most of the shots. When Fareeha stepped into the office after her mother’s call for entry, she suddenly regretted doing this here, now.

In this office, Ana was not her mother, but Commander Amari.

In this office, Fareeha would be able to distance herself. She wouldn’t be confessing to her mother. She’d be confessing to her commanding officer. For some reason, that logic made the oncoming conversation a bit easier.

She sat in one of the chairs opposite Ana’s desk, perched on the edge and not fully relaxing. Ana finished typing a bit of information into her computer and turned, steepling her hands on the desk and regarding her daughter with keen eyes.

Fareeha swallowed and closed her eyes for a breath, running over the speech she’d planned, rehearsed until she should be able to get everything out in one rush of words. She knew the importance of this conversation, Angela had helped her with it, fully supportive of the pilot. Angela was the reason she was here.

Fareeha took a breath, ready to begin her speech.

“Is this about you dating Angela?”

The words hung there as Fareeha scrambled to find sentences in her prepared spiel that would work with Ana’s deadpan question. Chocolate eyes met weathered caramel in shock. Ana stood and moved to the chair next to her daughter.

“It doesn’t bother me if that’s what you’re worried about. If I did, I’d be the worst hypocrite in the history of mothers.” She reached a hand out to Fareeha, the grip on her forearm like suede wrapped steel. “You’ve found a wonderful match in our good doctor. She’s the patience to your action, the goddess ready to heal as you tear down.” Ana smiled wistfully, eye misting with unshed tears. “No, you don’t need to worry about me being upset. Why? Because she has the same parts as you?” Here she chuckled a dry laugh. “I’d never turn away my daughter’s happiness because of that.”

I saved you a seat

Chapter Summary

In which a seat is saved.

No warnings apply.

Thursday nights weren't typically the standard family get together night, but Overwatch wasn't your typical family. So every Thursday, the residents of the watchpoint would gather in the commons, half preparing the massive dinner, the others readying the lounge. Tonight it was Hana and Lucio in charge of prepping the movie room, so naturally, it was a giant pillow fort. Fareeha took over the kitchen and was rolling out plate after plate.

By the time everyone was seated, steaming plate of some rice dish in their laps, it was already late, but they keyed up a movie regardless. Movie night was sacred.

Unless you were Dr. Angela Ziegler. Who always showed up late.

When she entered, the movie was on the best part, but she never showed up to these things for the film. She quite detested the forced removal from her lab. She picked her way over strewn bodies and couch cushions to the pilot on the couch. Fareeha was breaking the first rule of movie night, 'no taking up more than one spot.' The rule had been implemented when a fight broke out over an air mattress. The pilot sat with her back against the armrest, one leg bent the other straight out, claiming the middle cushion. She caught the doctor's approach out of the corner of her eye and, with a smile, tucked up her leg so Angela could sit, Fareeha's bent leg acting as her backrest. As soon as the doctor was comfortable the leg was stretched back out and draped over her knees, a plate of food under her nose. She looked at her pilot and smiled.

Movie nights were the best.

Take mine

Chapter Summary

In which the birds go out for the night.

Angela had always prided herself in her ability to smile through anything. It helped when it came time to deliver terrible medical news. It kept her going when she had to watch her teammates fall. It allowed her to mask any of her emotions, keeping the watchful eyes of the other agents at bay.

Her ability to smile through anything was pointless now, as she had been genuinely grinning from ear to ear ever since Fareeha had stopped by her hotel room, demanding she come see the New Year's Eve festival.

They'd been sent to New York City for a conference, Angela as the head speaker and Fareeha as her security, in a week's time. They'd been allowed a week's leave to spend on 'vacation' but in all reality, it was Angela stressing over her speech notes and Fareeha paranoid about possible attack routes.

It seemed that the Raptora pilot was finally shedding her worry for the night, nearly demanding that Angela hurry and dress warmly before leading her down to the street.

They stepped into the hustle on the sidewalk, following the crowd to the main event: the ball drop. Along the way, they stopped at various food carts, sampling small tidbits of the street food America had to offer. Their chatter ranged from the current food they were eating to the upcoming conference to idle chatter about new events in the other's lives.

This mission was their first together since the recall and while it was nice to be assigned security detail that was closer to her age and not a chatterer like Jesse, Angela couldn't stop the blush that attacked her face every time she caught herself staring at the tall Egyptian.

This mission was their first together since the recall and while it was nice to be trusted with Angela's safety, Fareeha couldn't stop her eyes from freezing on the woman for entirely different reasons than checking on her well-being.

It was one of these moments that Fareeha first saw the shiver run down the doctor's back. She could understand, even with her layers, she was still stiff from the cold. She moved a bit closer to

the blonde to offer any body heat she could.

Angela's cheeks were pink above her scarf, *likely from the wind*, Fareeha reasoned.

Angela's cheeks were pink above her scarf, *gods does she know what she's doing to me*, Angela mentally whined.

Another shiver and Fareeha was pulling away. Angela was nearly in full pout mode when a blazing heat dropped over her shoulders. She looked to the pilot in shock, quickly taking in the black button up shirt that was previously covered by the heavy coat now draped over her own with an accented "Here, take mine."

"Fareeha..." Angela began but was cut off by a glistening smile.

"Don't worry about it, Doctor. I'll be alright." Fareeha gave her a reassuring nod before turning her eyes back to their destination.

Angela didn't mention Fareeha's own shiver, only took the Egyptian's frigid hands in her own.

Only to warm them up, Fareeha thought with a twinge of sadness. *It's just her way of thanking me.*

Only to warm them up, Angela tried convincing herself. *It will never be anything more.*

Well, what do you want to do?

Chapter Summary

In which the birds talk.

No warnings apply.

The door slammed shut as Fareeha entered the med bay, chasing after the blonde doctor as she stormed into her office in the back of the large white room. “Angela, talk to me, what’s going on?”

Angela stood behind her desk pacing, hands braced against her temples. Fareeha’s heart dropped into her stomach when she saw the tears. “I can’t do this,” Angela said quietly. Fareeha began to speak but was cut off, Angela’s hands flying away from her face toward the main door of the med bay. “I can’t keep living with this fear that you’ll be brought through that door in a body bag!” Angela’s tears were more prominent now but she refused to let them fall. “I can handle anyone else, *anyone* else, coming through that door with their lives hanging on a thread. Anyone else so broken that I need to build an entirely new body.” Her hands dropped to her sides uselessly, her voice nearly a whisper. “I can’t do that with you.”

Fareeha stepped forward, hands poised to grip her girlfriend’s shoulders. The blonde flinched away and Fareeha let her hands drop with a heavy sigh. “I’m not going to stop going out there.” The pilot said, tone resonating with conviction.

Angela scoffed. “There are plenty of ways to bring *justice* without risking your life to do so!” She spat the word as if it were a curse.

“The best way for me to help is to actually be out there *helping*. I’m not going to turn my back on people that need me just because you’re worried that I won’t make it back in one piece.” Fareeha’s hands clenched at her side. “You’re asking me to choose.” She deadpanned, realization hitting her like lightning.

“I shouldn’t have to.” Angela snapped, her voice like a winter wind. Silence took over as they stood, eyes locked on various objects in the room, Angela’s arms folded over her chest, Fareeha in her standard conflict posture: soldier.

Fareeha finally broke the tension. “Well, what do you want to do then?” Her voice was cold,

devoid of any emotion. The harsh sound caused a slight sob to break through Angela's restraints.

"I don't know." A sniff from the blonde. "But I can't do this anymore."

Fareeha nodded, opened her mouth to say something but closed it at the last moment before turning on her heel and walking out of the doctor's office. Never looking back.

You don't have to say anything

Chapter Summary

In which we get a bit of no Pharmarcy? wut?

No warnings apply.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Kamaj walked out of the school with a dejected slump to his shoulders, backpack tossed over one shoulder as he shuffled toward the student pick-up line. He was hoping to see his mami's white compact, thus his pity walk as a way to soften the yelling, but was only met with a beat up truck.

He walked up to the window, eyebrow raised. "Uncle Jesse?"

"Howdy, kid. Yer moms' couldn't make it so they sent me. Hop in." Jesse leaned over and popped the door open, giving it a shove with a grunt. Once the twelve-year-old was seated and buckled, Jesse pulled away from the sidewalk. "Hope you gave as good as ya got, Kam." Jesse gave a low whistle as he took in the busted lip and bruised eye.

After a few beats of awkward silence, Kamaj spoke. "They were being mean about Adie." He offered as an explanation.

The older man grunted. "Y'aint gotta say nothin', kid. I'd have done the same." From the corner of his eye he saw Kamaj look up, shock and awe on his face. "NOT sayin' you should go around beatin' kids up, or nothin'." He scratched the stubble on his jaw with a grimace. "I ain't good at this parentin' shit. There's a reason Hanzo and I are happy to live through ya'll."

They'd arrived outside the craftsman home, Ansel sat on the porch with a book, seemingly waiting for his brother to arrive. Jesse reached out a hand, stopping Kamaj as he moved to leave the truck. "Look, kid. All's I'm sayin' is this," he sighed and pointed at the house. "When it comes to the people you care about, there ain't nothin' should stop you from protecting them. Ya just gotta be careful about it."

Chapter End Notes

Apparently, I just HAD to get a tumblr for reasons, so it's here: <https://lunari-solarys.tumblr.com/>

Feel free to come chat or reblog or whatever it is you kids do there. I'm too old for this stuff -.-

I'll wait

Chapter Summary

In which Fareeha waits.

No warnings apply.

Fareeha sat at the table, drumming her fingers against the soft cloth covering the top. A soft sigh and a wave to send the waitress away before she'd reached the table. *She's not coming, Fareeha, just leave.* Her mouth pulled into a frown before huffing, trying to expel the negative thoughts. *She's a doctor, something came up, just wait.* She nodded to herself, ignoring the looks her movement gained from the nearby diners. *She's probably taking on extra work to avoid coming here.* She dropped a hand to the table with more force than necessary, rattling the china and glassware. An apologetic smile to the disgruntled customers and staff and she was back to her inner dilemma. *It's your first date, if she's late to this, then she obviously doesn't care. Just give up.* Her fists came up to frame her temples. *I'm too gay for this...*

She gave a barely audible sigh as she checked her phone once more, noting only the passage of a few minutes. As if by fate, her phone began to vibrate, Angela's number displaying on the screen.

"Marhabaan."

"Hey, it's uh Angela?" The timid voice tinned through the earpiece. "I had an emergency come in and I just got out of surgery. I have a bit more before I can leave. I'm so sorry, Fareeha!"

"No, no it's fine. Really. Are you still plan-"

Angela's musical laughter cut her off. "Of course I'm still coming! I've got a bit more paperwork to do, which I'm doing right now, and then I'm all yours."

Fareeha glanced at the clock on her phone, noting the restaurant closed in less than an hour. She bit back a sigh. "Yeah, that's fine, I'll be waiting here." She tried to push as much of a smile as she could into her words but that negative voice was still there, beating her down.

Angela sprinted down the sidewalk, cursing the intern with his sudden need for her to sign every form made since 2030. One hand clutched her small bag to her side, the other her phone, eyes darting between the screen and oncoming pedestrians as she frantically tried to thumb her way to Fareeha's contact. After running into her third passerby, she gave up on the phone.

She stopped a few door fronts down from the restaurant she was supposed to meet her date at, pausing to catch her breath, lightly pressing her cheeks to help clear the flush. Once she was settled, she approached the door.

The *locked* door with the closed sign hanging on it.

"Verdammt!" She nearly yelled, scuffing her foot against the concrete as if she were a toddler told they would have no dessert. She'd ruined it! This wonderful date with a wonderful, striking, tall, oh so deliciously built woman and she ruined it! She caught herself before she stomped again, instead using the momentum to spin her away from the door. And right into Fareeha.

The Egyptian stood firm and shot an arm out to steady the doctor, nearly dropping the white paper bag in her grip.

"You okay, there?" She asked, using her free hand to guide her to the side out of the line of pedestrians. The doctor merely blinked up at her, too shocked from the rollercoaster her night had decided to buy a ticket for. A light tap to the top of her head broke her from her stupor and she glanced up in time to see Fareeha pull her hand back. "I figured you would still be hungry, especially since you were held up." She raised the white paper bag and gestured toward a bench along the grassy median. "Join me?"

Is this okay?

Chapter Summary

In which everything is okay.

Warnings: Smut. Yeah. Again.

Lips clashed, fingers clutched, teeth nipped and Angela had not felt more alive, grounding herself in this moment full of nothing but the Egyptian between her thighs. The Egyptian that nearly didn't make it to the armchair she now lounged in. One second more, one bit of hesitation, one less nanite and she would have di-

“Stay with me.” Fareeha said, hands on Angela's jaw, eyes piercing. “I'm here. Right here.”

Slowly Angela came to, a heated pause between the pair, eyes locked and breathing heavily, before her lips crashed over Fareeha's. The pilot's mouth opened in a gasp as Angela slid her hands up to thread her fingers through short black hair, fingertips twirling the short hairs at the base of her neck. Fareeha's own mocha hands gripped Angela's waist, thumbs over hips, fingertips teasing the swell of her ample ass. Those fingers tightened when Angela's lips dropped to the Egyptian's neck, pulling her flesh between her teeth, marking the woman as her's.

The pressure on Angela's hips had her grinding against the woman beneath her with a whimpered moan. The pressure on Angela's hips increased as she was pushed away. She looked at Fareeha through heavy lidded eyes, taking in her blush and downcast eyes. The pilot startled when Angela's hand came up to stroke her cheek, question and concern in her eyes.

“I-” Fareeha started before swallowing the rest of her words.

“Do you not feel up to anything? After today, I wouldn't blame you.” Angela asked, leaning back to sit on Fareeha's knees, eyes glancing over the pilot's body as if checking for injury.

“No, that's not it, I just...” Angela was more concerned now. Never had the Egyptian been anything but self assured. Fear darted through her chest.

“Do you... not want me?”

“Gods no!” Fareeha nearly yelped. “I mean, yes I want you.” She bit her lip. “I’ve never been with a woman.” Suddenly her expression changed and she darted forward, lips meeting Angela’s. “But I do so very much want you. You’ll just have to help me, yeah?”

Angela merely bit her lip, adding her own blush to the moment. “If we’re being honest here, I’ve never been with a woman either.” She admitted. Fareeha nodded with a small smile. “Or a man.” Angela finished with a whisper, blue eyes darting up to meet Fareeha’s shocked expression. The moment lasted a bit longer than Angela was comfortable with and then suddenly Fareeha was nudging her from her lap and standing.

“I’m sorry, I-” Angela’s words were cut off by full lips, cocoa hand in her hair guiding her into a deeper kiss. Fareeha’s left hand trailed down her side before coming home on her hip, pushing her back toward the door that lead to her bedroom.

Fareeha pulled away from the kiss, eyes staring intently into the blue eyes of her lover. “Don’t apologize.” A quick kiss to the corner of her mouth. “I’m just not going to let your first time be in a damned chair.” And with that, they were through the door and stumbling into the bed. Fareeha broke the kiss once more, leaning back to remove the tank she’d put on after her final healing session with the doctor.

Angela swallowed thickly, fingers coming up to trace sculpted lines of muscle in the woman’s arms, trailing down to her abs beneath the sports bra. Fareeha’s breath hitched, her hands shoving beneath the light fabric of the medic’s tshirt before sliding it over her head in a smooth motion. A quick flick of Fareeha’s fingers and Angela’s bra joined the two shirts on the floor.

Fareeha stepped back slightly, eyes raking over creamy flesh in perfect mounds, tight stomach that flared into glorious hips that called for Fareeha to grab, bite, mark. She sucked her lower lip between her teeth, mewling moan slipping out. “You’re so,” She dropped a kiss to Angela’s left nipple. “So,” A kiss to the other. “Beautiful.” And her mouth closed over the left, drawing the stiff peak between tongue and teeth and gods did she taste like honey.

Angela gripped the back of Fareeha’s head, nails digging gently into her scalp. A blush painted her cheeks and a moan fell from her lips. Lips kissed their way to her other breast before a tongue laved around the unattended peak, Fareeha’s hands sliding down to untie the lounge pants that hung low on the doctor’s hips.

Fareeha’s fingertips slid into the waistband of her lounge pants and panties before drawing them down, hands sliding over her ass. She gave a slight squeeze to the flesh and chuckled when Angela’s blush returned. Once the pants were on the floor with the rest of their clothing, Fareeha nudged the doctor back to lay against the comforter, guiding her up to rest against the pillows. She kissed a path down between the valley of breasts, along smooth abs, kissing her way to a hip

before setting her teeth against the skin. She gave a playful tug of skin before kissing lower, lips teasing Angela's clenched thighs.

Angela tensed as Fareeha's lips explored, bringing pause to their movements. Fareeha looked up, eyes catching on fearful blues. She slid a hand up the sheets, threading her fingers with Angela's. "I've got you." Her thumb caressed Angela's, lips ghosting over the soft rise at the apex of her thighs as she spoke. "Is this okay?" She asked softly, nothing but concern in her eyes.

Angela seemed to be at war with herself before steeling her expression and allowing her legs to relax. With a rewarding kiss and nip of teeth, Fareeha readjusted, nestling herself between the milky thighs. She gave a reassuring squeeze to the hand still held in her own. She swept the flat of her tongue over Angela's wet folds, tip dancing between to tease at her clit.

Both moaned, Angela at the sensation that would forever overshadow anything she could do with her own fingers and Fareeha at the taste of honey and warmth on her tongue. The one taste had Fareeha diving in for more, free hand moving to place a thigh over her shoulder before snaking over, thumb parting lips before moving to tease Angela's clit in soft circles.

Angela's soft cries grew in pitch and volume as Fareeha's tongue darted deeper and at a particularly pleasurable suck of her clit, Angela's free hand darted to Fareeha's hair, both hands clenching.

The Egyptian softly chuckled as the mumbled Swiss-German began flowing from Angela's mouth, the doctor's hands and thighs spasming erratically as she neared her edge. One more swipe of tongue and Fareeha was sucking her clit into her mouth, eyes raised to lock with Angela's as she gave a firm suckle against the sensitive flesh. Angela's eyes rolled back with the strength of her orgasm, thighs clenching around Fareeha's head as the pilot continued her ministrations, drawing out every ounce of pleasure the medic had to give.

The blonde stared at the ceiling, small smile on her face as she came down from her high, fingers absently caressing black hair. Fareeha dropped a light kiss to the glistening lips at her chin and Angela twitched, thighs clenching again before pale hands were directing her away and up to the pillows.

The two readjusted, Fareeha pulling the smaller woman down to rest against her chest, Angela's fingertips tracing patterns over rocky abs. The blonde dropped a kiss to the slight swell of breast beneath her cheek, hand sliding lower with a coy grin.

"Angela, you don't have to." Fareeha breathed.

“Oh no,” Angela said, rolling up to her knees, one hand braced by Fareeha’s ribs, the other moving lower still. “I *very* much want to.” And then small fingers were dipping between Fareeha’s soaked folds. The Egyptian darted up to capture Angela’s lips, braced on an elbow, free hand caressing hair and jaw and neck. Angela swallowed her lover’s moan as she thrust deeper, legs moving to straddle Fareeha’s thigh.

The kiss broke, lust hazed eyes meeting. Blue flashed with mischief before Angela sank a second finger into the woman beneath her. Fareeha’s head dropped back with a moan and Angela raced forward to kiss and bite at the pillar of mocha flesh, biting back her own moan as Fareeha’s walls fluttered around her slowly trusting fingers.

“Thla-” A heavy swallow from the Egyptian. “Zwei...?” She tried again, garbled German flowing into a moan as the blonde obliged, adding a third finger. Angela rocked against the writing woman, rolling her hips to grind against the thigh at her own apex. Fareeha moaned at the feeling of being deliciously full, please of ‘more’ and ‘harder’ falling from her lips in some fusion of Arabic and German.

Angela chuckled against the dark neck, bracing her hand against her own thigh, her rolling hips pounding her fingers into Fareeha’s quivering pussy. Fareeha’s sharp cries joined the sounds of wet flesh and heavy breathing, Angela’s whispered, lusty words nearly lost as she spoke dirty nothings into Fareeha’s neck.

Fingers curled hitting Fareeha in just the right spot to send her spiraling, dropping back to lay bonelessly against the pillows. Angela chuckled before lowering a tentative mouth to Fareeha’s clit, dark eyes blown black as she looked down with trepidation.

“Ange-” The moan took over as Angela’s tongue darted across over-sensitized flesh, fingers still buried deep. A curl of fingertips and suck of clit and Fareeha was crashing again, thighs clenching around the doctor’s head, hands gripping at blonde locks.

Angela turned her head and dropped a kiss on a quivering thigh, eyes never leaving her lover’s. The doctor’s next words made Fareeha’s heart stop.

“Give me one more, schatzli.” Angela crooned against soaked flesh, tongue and lips and the slightest graze of teeth teasing her swollen clit. Fareeha choked out a moan that was half sob. The blonde looked up at her lover, taking in the sheen of sweat coating her abs. “You’re doing so well, one more. I know you can do it.”

With her hand clenched between her teeth to muffle her scream, Fareeha came for the third and final time, body curling in on itself as the aftershocks shook her to her core.

I want you to be happy

Chapter Summary

In which Fareeha gives a pep talk.

No warnings apply.

“Moms?” Ansel’s voice rang through the house as he searched each room for his parents. He found Fareeha where he knew he would, the garage. “Is mami here?” He asked with a nervous shuffle of toe against rubberized cement.

Fareeha looked up from the engine component she was cleaning with a look of concern. This behavior from her son was not that common, usually preceding him admitting to some terrible prank on his brother or him cheating on a test. “What is it, little bird?” She scooted to the side, giving him room to sit on the bench. When he’d sat, she draped an arm over his shoulders, amazed that he barely fit under.

“I know you and mami fought so hard to protect me from bullies at school. And I know that there’s nothing to be ashamed of, you guys are proof of that.” He was rambling but the words were coming faster, a momentum that would bring him to his point as long as he kept his mouth moving. “I don’t want everything you’ve done to protect me to be in vain, but I’m tired of hiding.”

Fareeha sat, pensive look on her face. She knew from experience to just let him talk it out, as he usually came to his own conclusions before grinning a dopey grin and thanking her or Angela for helping.

“I’m tired of pretending. I want *real* friends. Friends that know who I really am. I think I-” A grumbled sigh. “I think I’m ready to come out.”

Fareeha gave a firm squeeze to the fifteen-year-old. “Little bird, you do what you feel you must. Your mami and I will be proud of you no matter what, we just want you to be happy. And if this is what will do that, go for it.”

“But I-” She raised a finger to silence him.

“Nothing we have *ever* done to protect you or your brother and sister has or will ever be in vain. As long as we are here, we’ll be fighting for you. Never worry about letting us down or

disappointing us.” She dropped a kiss on his temple. “Unless of course put your mami’s hair removal cream in Kamaj’s shampoo bottle again.”

I don't mind

Chapter Summary

In which the birds need a break.

No warnings apply.

The front door swung open to reveal a nicely dressed Fareeha and two screaming toddlers fighting over the couch. With a sigh of relief, Fareeha stepped aside to allow room for her mother to enter.

“Thanks again for doing this for us.” A sharp squeal from the couch caused Fareeha’s eye to twitch briefly. “We really need a night out.”

Angela nearly skipped from the bedroom in a cream off the shoulder sweaterdress, still working an earring into a lobe. “They’ve had baths and dinner. No sweets, they need to sleep.” Ana raised a brow Angela jabbed a finger at her. “No you can not use your sleep darts. You don’t ev- Ana, please tell me you didn’t actually bring them.” Angela asked when the elder Amari darted a hand toward her pocket.

Ana simply withdrew a small container of a dark brown mash. “It’s ful mudammas. Helps the little ones sleep. Great bedtime snack.”

Angela merely peered at her wife, question in her eyes. Fareeha shrugged. “Alright then,” Angela said, voice raised to carry over the boys. “We’re heading out. Thank you again.”

Ana simply watched as the two stepped out the front door, stopping on the porch. She smiled to herself as her daughter reached up to brush a lock of blonde hair from Angela’s bare shoulder before dropping her hand to the small of her back to lead her down the front stairs.

“I don’t mind at all.” Ana mused before turning to the boys, sly grin on her lips.

Call me if you need anything

Chapter Summary

In which things go bad.

Warnings: Everything. Just everything.

(Please keep in mind, none of these chapters are linked. There are no certain outcomes just because things ended a certain way in another chapter.)

Being a soldier, Fareeha was not used to feeling helpless.

There was always something that could be done, some mark to be dropped, some squad to lead to safety, some airstrike to call in. Hells, many times *she* was the airstrike. She scoffed out a grumble and rubbed at tired eyes, blinking the grit from them.

She stood, her knees protesting the sudden movement and weight with a smattering of pops, and crossed the room, leaning her forehead against the frigid glass, eyes tiredly scanning the snowy ground many floors down. A finger idly traced through the condensation her breath left, using the motion to distract her.

Shifting sheets from the bed behind her called her back. “Mm..? Morning, liebe.” The raspy voice called out to her and Fareeha turned, taking in the vision that was her wife, that never stopped taking her breath away. She rejoined Angela at the bed, gently settling on the edge of the mattress, large mocha hand smoothing over gown covered belly.

“How are you three doing?” The ex-pilot asked, concerned expression allowed full reign of her face if only to mask the fear and panic she was feeling.

Angela winced slightly but nodded with a smile. “Alright, I suppose. We’ll know more in a bit though.”

“Yeah, just about...” She glanced at her watch. “Twenty minutes until your next check in. You have impeccable timing, as always.” Angela tried to smile, to show her appreciation of her wife’s silly comments, her attempt to bring laughter into the room, but it never fully reached her eyes.

“Fareeha, I’m scared.” The whispered words were nearly a ghost as they settled around the two women. “We’ve worked so hard and been through so many failed attempts, so many disappointments.” A hiccup. “If we lose them now, I don-”

Fareeha silenced her wife with a hand to her jaw, thumb lovingly caressing her cheek. “We’ll get through this. No matter the outcome, I will never leave your side.”

Angela nodded, a watery smile on her lips. Both eyes darted to the door at the knock that preceded the doctor’s entry. A reassuring squeeze to hands passed between them.

Being a soldier, Fareeha should be used to waiting.

She’d never had to sit back while Angela took the brunt of the pain, the agony. She’d always been right there, shielding her from their enemies. Ever since the moment she fell for the doctor, she’d vowed to do everything in her power to keep her from harm.

Those vows were being broken as the woman lay in the hospital room a few doors past the barricade marked ‘Medical Personnel and NICU staff only.’

Fareeha had raged, yelled, threatened to be allowed by her wife. Her anger had only resulted in her being relegated to the waiting room and her *mother* being called. As if she were a child instead of a concerned spouse and parent.

A squeeze of her wrist brought her eyes to the smaller woman standing next to her. “I’m heading down for some tea, would you like some?” Fareeha’s eyes merely shifted to the doors leading to the hospital ward Angela was being held in.

“I’ll stay, they might come out at any second.”

Ana sighed. “I’ll bring you some anyway.” She raised her phone with a pointed look. “If anything changes, you call me.”

Fareeha nodded.

Being a soldier, Fareeha should be used to managing sadness and turmoil.

But as she sat in the uncomfortable waiting room, hunched over with tears threatening to fall, she knew she'd never truly felt either of those emotions. Not until the doctor had sat next to her to deliver his news.

"Mrs. Amari, I understand you're upset." The doctor continued to drone with what he probably considered to be a great bedside manner. "There are many avenues we can still try."

"Let me see her." She demanded, voice dark with unshed tears and hours of contained rage. The doctor sighed and stood, motioning for her to follow.

They made their way into Angela's room and the scent nearly made Fareeha lose the tea her mother had forced down her throat hours ago. It was the smell of a combat medic's tent, sweat, bile, blood, excrement. It was a smell that made her think back to every time she'd lost someone precious.

As she stood there, chocolate eyes on her pale-skinned wife, belly already receding from its previously distended state, she broke. Those times were nothing compared to this.

Being a soldier, Fareeha should be used to putting on a brave face.

As she sat in an armchair in the corner of the room holding the two bundles of blanketed, squirming warmth, she smiled. Her first real smile since the birth of her boys. Since her life went pear-shaped.

She choked back a sob as she remembered those hellish days of waiting and pacing and dear *god* someone fix Angela. *No*, she thought to herself. *You will be strong for all of them. They deserve at least that from you.* She turned Kamaj into her chest, nose at the crown of his head, breathing in

the scent of new life to ground her.

She wept.

She wept for the pain Angela had to endure. She wept for the boy in her arms that would never be as strong as his brother, never as healthy. She wept for her mother who she hadn't spoken to since that day in the hospital, choosing instead to wallow in self-hate and depression and her need to take care of her family. Right now, her mother wasn't part of her concern. Ana knew that, surely.

She wept harder as Ansel began to squirm, hungry again. There was so much of Angela in them, striking blue eyes against caramel skin. She wept.

A sniff behind her was the only warning before weak arms wrapped around her shoulders, mindful of the sleeping lumps in her lap.

"You need to stop thinking of these things, liebe." Angela's whispered words tickled her ear but only made the sobs come faster. "We made it. *I* made it." A kiss to the side of her neck. "Stop blaming yourself, Fareeha."

Stay over

Chapter Summary

In which Angela stays over.

No warnings apply.

Angela swept into the kitchen, bag and coat still thrown over her arm. She dropped a kiss to each twin's head as they sat in their highchairs before moving to her wife, an apologetic smile gracing her features.

She dropped her things next to the wall and fell into the chair Fareeha had pulled away from the table. "I'm so sorry, schatzli." Angela apologized, dropping her head onto crossed arms, Fareeha standing to work at the stove. "We had this kid come in needing stitches and I had to stay over." Her voice was muffled against the wooden table.

Fareeha grinned, bringing the plate of steaming food back to the table. "It's fine, ya amar. Now here," She nudged Angela's shoulder with the rim of the plate. "Eat up before it gets cold."

No reason

Chapter Summary

In which Angela needs a snack.

No warnings apply.

Fareeha bumped the access panel with a hip, both hands full with a tray. She walked straight back to the office she knew her girlfriend was holed up in and hipped that panel as well. As expected, Angela sat at her desk reading over various charts and graphs on her computer screens, forgotten mug of coffee and sandwich that had already turned stale sat to the side. When the blonde made no motion to acknowledge the pilot, Fareeha squeezed between the doctor and her desk, blocking her view with a toned stomach.

Finally, blue eyes shot up to meet amber. Fareeha gave the tray, along with an eyebrow, a slight raise as she nudged Angela away from the desk with her knees. She sat the tray down on the desk, allowing Angela to take in the small assortment of teas and pastries.

“You haven’t eaten.” It wasn’t a question. Fareeha knew when her girlfriend was too focused on things, to adamant to find her breakthroughs. “You’ll eat now or I’ll figure out a way to sedate you and hook you up to a feeding line.”

Angela gaped, unsure if she should take the words as an idle threat or a firm promise. She decided to not take any chances and scooped up a flaky croissant, tearing a piece off. She made a big show of putting the buttery morsel in her mouth and Fareeha smiled when Angela’s hunger took over. The doctor quickly ate her way through a second pastry before moving to the tea.

As she sipped the dark brew, Fareeha moved behind her, large hands rubbing and massaging the bunched muscles in the doctor’s neck and shoulders. Angela’s head dropped forward with a moan.

“What’s this for?” Angela asked, enunciation fleeing, leaving behind a monotone murmur.

Fareeha dropped a kiss to the pale expanse of skin behind her girlfriend’s ear. “I’d like to be romantic and say ‘no reason’ but if I didn’t do this for you, I’d likely find you passed out in here one day.”

We can share

Chapter Summary

In which the birds need to partner up.

No warnings apply.

Angela dropped her duffel on the ground with a loud thud before swiping her forearm across her cheeks to clear away the dust and sweat. They'd been sent to the remote Watchpoint: Pitcairn to bring it back to shape, needing more outposts now that the mostly still illegal Overwatch was back in action. It was abandoned even before Switzerland because of its distance from any major landmarks, but that was its benefit now. An obscure island in a remote patch of the sea.

An obscure island that was hot and sticky.

She grabbed up her bag and made her way to the main gate, not bothering to wait on the rest of her team. Surely it was cooler inside. Her fingers flew over the access panel, typing in credentials long since memorized.

"Access Request: Please speak your authorization code." Angela gave a small chuckle at the original Athena's voice. They'd have to add upgrading the Watchpoint AI to their list of renovations.

"J39924D3 - Angela Ziegler." She spoke clearly, knowing the first iteration of Athena didn't have the capacity to understand dialects and accents as well as their current version.

"Welcome Dr. Ziegler." Came the robotic response as the door slid open. Angela nearly dropped her bag again in shock. The entire place was in ruins, metal plating falling from the walls, panel coverings missing, not even lights remained in their fixtures. She heaved a sigh and moved down the hallways that were an exact replica of Gibraltar, heading to the commons to begin setting up their staging area.

By the time she'd made her way through and over the various bits of debris, the rest of her team had joined her, using the path she'd cleared to catch up quickly. She was trying to move a fallen table to no avail when mocha hands joined her, making quick work of the task.

Blue, smiling eyes flicked up to the pilot, words of thanks on her lips. Words that stopped in her throat as she took in Fareeha. She stood in black tactical pants and black sports bra, a pair of dog tags hung from her neck. Angela swallowed thickly. Fareeha merely grinned before turning to help the others, hands sweeping her hair up into a low ponytail so the hairs would stop sticking to her sweaty skin.

Angela mentally chastised herself as she went back to sorting out supplies.

Winston ambled in about an hour after their arrival, joining the quickly overheating agents in the commons. "Team," he began "I'm only going to be able to get sector B up and running on the generators. Everything else is busted."

Hana looked over to Angela in confusion, not familiar with sectors in the Watchpoints. The doctor moved to her side, explaining in a whisper as Winston began directing the agents to various tasks. "Sector B is basically the lower left section of the Watchpoint if you're looking at it geographically. So commons, kitchens and three bunks."

As she explained, she realized the issue they were bound to have. As if reading her thoughts, Winston's voice grew louder.

"So, until we can repair the lines and get power back to the entirety of the Watchpoint, we're going to be bunking up. Pick your rooms, clear them out and hit the rack early, we start first thing tomorrow."

Angela stood back and watched as the agents partnered up for room selection, nearly squeaking in surprise when a soft hand touched her elbow. Red faced she turned to look at the pilot next to her.

"Doctor, if you don't mind, we could share." Fareeha offered, hands already behind her back, *parade rest*, Angela mused, *one of her standard go-tos*. The pilot rocked a bit onto her toes, the only outward sign that she wasn't completely confident in the situation.

"It would be like old times, then." Angela agreed with a nod. The two grabbed their duffels and headed to the last empty room, stepping inside just as the power flared on. The two stood awkwardly in the room, eyes flicking between the other and the sheer amount of mess.

Fareeha smiled. Angela blushed. The two turned to their respective sides of the room and got to work, conversation flowing from awkward chatter to meaningful exchanges to something deeper. By the time Winston called for lights out, they'd shifted their efforts to only one side of the room,

cleaning off the one bed and storage cubicles.

Fareeha showered, redressed and clambered into the bed, tucking against the wall. She was nearly asleep when Angela dropped a shy touch to her shoulder. The Egyptian merely smiled, raising the blanket in offering. Angela tucked in against her, hiding her blush in the sheets.

Don't worry about me

Chapter Summary

In which Mercy contemplates Pharah.

No warnings apply.

(For some reason this turned really mushy. I am unsettled.)

For Doctor Angela “Mercy” Ziegler, there was only one clear path in battle: the shortest distance to her injured teammates. Her only goal was to come home with just as many agents as she left with, to leave the war zone with fewer casualties.

Today it seemed she would be the one needing treatment.

As she raced across the street turned battlefield, a single shot lanced through her leg. With a sharp cry she landed roughly, kicking up gravel and dust. Her shout must have transmitted through her comms as Pharah was landing in front of her within seconds. The Raptora clad pilot stepped backwards towards the fallen doctor, eyes scanning for attackers, tossing questions over her shoulder.

Mercy rattled off her answers (single shot, didn’t see the shooter’s location, yes I’m safe, schatzli) as she checked the wound, clear entrance and exit. It’d heal fine.

She tried expressing this to the soldier in front of her but Pharah didn’t budge. Only when Mercy gave her a firm shove did the pilot turn to face her. “I’m really okay. I have the nanites, after all.” She gave Pharah a reassuring smile. “Go take care of everyone else. Don’t worry about me.”

Pharah froze for a moment as if contemplating the truth in Mercy’s words before she nodded. With a yelp of surprise, Mercy was being lifted and carried into the adjoining alley, to the relative safety of a pile of pallets. Pharah double checked over the immediate area for threats before heading back to the street, jets launching her back into the sky with a scream of metal. As the doctor’s eyes followed the blue armor into the air she smiled, small sigh passing her lips.

So many people saw Pharah as the protector, the bringer of justice and defender of the innocent. So many people saw her as only the Raptora, never seeing past the plate metal to the woman beneath.

But Angela did.

She saw the striking woman with shoulders strong enough to carry you through the roughest parts of your life yet soft enough to cry on when those rough patches caught up to you.

She saw the dorky woman who sat in comic themed lounge pants, typing away on her tablet in the early morning sun as she wrote and changed code that was the backbone of her Raptora HUD.

She saw the grease covered woman who would sit for hours to work out a single problem area with her suit.

She saw the woman who'd sat by Hana's bedside when the young girl took a heavy hit to her stomach, leaving her bedridden for two weeks, the pilot bringing her treats and entertainment and holding her through the night when the memories of her injury gave her night terrors.

She saw all of this and more every time she looked at Fareeha “Pharah” Amari. She looked at her and saw hope and trust and a promise of better things to come.

She looked at her and saw her future.

You can go first

Chapter Summary

In which the birds can't decide who goes first.

No warnings apply.

Angela paced outside the armory, one arm wrapped around her stomach, the other's hand pressed against her mouth, eyes glaring holes into the floor. She knew Fareeha would be inside, she'd come this far, why was she freezing now? She scuffed her shoe against the floor, hands coming up to clutch at her hair in frustration. *No*, she thought as she smoothed her hands over her ruffled locks, *I'm going to do this. I'm going in there and-*

The door hissed open, Fareeha sweeping out of the armory and bumping into the pacing doctor. A blush painted Angela's cheeks as the pilot's hands came up to steady her.

"Oh doctor, perfect! I was just coming you see you./Fareeha, just the person I was looking for!" They both spoke.

"What did you need?" Again their words mingled. "You first." They laughed.

"Well at this point we might as well just say them at the same time," Angela said through her giggles.

"Alright, one two three go!" Fareeha counted off.

"I have feelings for you./I wanted your opinion on an upgrade for the Raptora." Fareeha's words trailed off as Angela's words sank in. The blonde was mortified, already stepping backward ready to flee. Fareeha's hand was on her wrist before Angela could fully run.

"Let's try that again," Fareeha said, eyes intently locked on Angela's, voice a calm and deep timber. Angela broke the eye contact and swallowed the tears clogging her throat. She shook her head dejectedly but a tug at her wrist brought her attention back to the Egyptian. Fareeha counted down again, this time in a whisper.

“I have feelings for you./I’ve fallen for you.”

Angela’s giddy yet shy smile was covered by Fareeha’s full lips as the taller woman tugged her wrist, pulling the doctor into her arms.

I'll see you later

Chapter Summary

In which we see the boys for the last time.

No warnings apply.

(This is the final chapter with Kamaj and Ansel. If you liked them, thank you, they are dear to my heart.)

Fareeha was determined to get through the day without turning into a sentimental mess less she be forced to stay in the car. It was a proud day for the Amari household as both boys were off to university. Fareeha and Angela stood at the back of their car, boys in front of them: Kamaj ready to go and begin socializing and Ansel wanting to get to the calm security of his new dorm.

The day had already been full of running around the campus and setting up the boys' rooms and Adie was ready to leave the moment they passed the university's gates.

So now they stood, Angela holding each of the boys' hands in her own, a silent watery smile on her lips. "You two keep up on your studies, I do not want to hear that you're slacking. You come from an impressive line of scientists, mathematicians and engineers so I expect you to at least get Bs." Angela ended with a smile and a squeeze to their hands. They both muttered their agreements to her demands and she stepped back to make room for her wife.

Fareeha stepped forward from her perch against the trunk of the car and uncrossed her arms, eyeing both boys carefully. "You watch out for each other. While I don't mind jumping in to kick a few asses in your defense, I'm not sure how helpful that would be after I drive three hours." Both boys smirked and nodded. Fareeha looped an arm around each of their necks and pulled them in for a tight hug. "You two will do amazing things here. Keep each other in line and don't hesitate to call if you need anything." She gave a pointed look to Ansel. "Three hours is nothing, I'll be here in two." Fareeha promised.

She stepped back and wrapped one arm around Angela's waist and the other she draped over Adie's shoulders. Fareeha nudged her daughter forward. "Say your bit, Adie."

The teenager scoffed, eyes not leaving her phone. "Whatever, I'll see you later." And with that she went to sit in the car.

“Love you too, Ads.” Kamaj said to her back.

Ansel only smiled and waved, shaking his head at his sister’s antics. “She’ll call us crying tonight asking for forgiveness, you know.”

The key is under the mat

Chapter Summary

In which Angela doesn't need a key under the mat

No warnings apply.

(AU. This is the only prompt I took huge liberties with. Fareeha wouldn't keep a key under the mat as she's too security focused. She'd never let Angela for the same reason.)

“Yes, I remember the plan.” The perky Brit said over the phone with a smile. “Ok sorry, I forgot you wanted codenames... Uh, yes um, falcon. The plan is a go!” Lena saluted, chuckling at the response from the earpiece. “Don’t worry, you keep up your end of the plan, I’ll do my part. Ok? Ok oh! Here she comes, Tracer out!” Lena whispered directly into the mouthpiece and thumbed the end call button just as Angela stepped up to her side, the blond eyeing her with an analytical gaze.

“Are you feeling okay, Lena? You’re acting strange.” The doctor asked, still on high alert from the long shift she just finished. It was more common than not that the young officer was injured, though never severely.

Lena rocked back on her heels, hands in her back pockets. “Never better, doctor! Just have a lot of things to straighten out with Emily, she’s moving here, ya know.”

Angela nodded, smile on her lips. “Oh that’s right, are you excited?” Lena nodded as if she were a toddler asked if they’d like nothing but cake and candy for dinner. Angela chuckled but the smile never reached her eyes. “I’m happy for you, Lena.”

“Aw Ange, I’m sorry. I didn’t even think.” Lena said, hand scratching the back of her head.

Angela gave her a reassuring grip to the shoulder. “It’s fine, Lena. That’s the nature of the military. I’m going to head on home.” She said as she stepped past the girl.

“Alright Ange, be seein’ ya.” Lena said sadly, giving a small wave at the blonde’s back.

It was times like this that Angela truly needed Fareeha. Not wanted, not missed. *Needed*. She wrapped herself in a fluffy throw blanket and dropped to her couch, tears already flowing. It'd been over four months since she'd last video-chatted with her girlfriend and three since even a phone call. Angela knew that Fareeha's squad lead strikes critical to national security. She knew that Fareeha would need to be off the grid for long bits of time. She knew that she was an exceptional soldier that would fight tooth and nail to get back safely. But still she worried. She'd just grabbed up her remote to set her TV on an infomercial channel when her phone rang, Lena's face on the ID and she answered with a flick of her thumb.

“Hey Ange, Em needs a hand-truck and Fareeha has one in her garage. Could you run over there and grab it?” The Brit asked. Angela sighed, staring longingly at her mind-numbing television shows of choice before agreeing. Her shows would be there after she finished her delivery to Lena, after all.

Her Egyptian girlfriend had left her with a key to her small cottage home so Angela could get inside if there was ever a need. Fareeha had no pets or even plants, so Angela's trips to her house was limited. Still, she walked up the front path as if she did it daily, bouncing her keyring in her hand until she saw the correct one. She stood at the front door, readying herself. She knew what would wait her when she entered: the faint scent of Fareeha, sandalwood and grease, that was being overran by stale air and emptiness. With a steadying breath she entered and nearly fell back in fright.

Fareeha stood before her, still in her fatigues, bright smile on her face. With an ecstatic yell, Angela launched herself forward and leapt into her girlfriend's arms, hugging her tightly around her neck. Fareeha held on for dear life, not out of fear of dropping the smaller woman but a need to have her as close as possible.

“I've missed you so much.” Fareeha breathed. Angela only sobbed and nodded into the woman's neck.

Angela swallowed thickly. “Are you...” She didn't want to finish her question. She knew what the answer would be. There was no way the soldier would be home for good.

“I'm not leaving again, ya amar.” She nearly dropped Angela as she jerked backward, eyes staring disbelievingly into her own. “This was my last op. I didn't want to say anything until I was home safe.” At Angela's confused and borderline betrayed look, she continued. “My mother left on her last tour, last operation. She told me before she left that she'd be a real mom when she came back,

one that took me to sports games and rehearsals and anything I wanted to do. She never came home.” Fareeha sighed. “And I’ve never really forgiven her. I didn’t- I *couldn’t* do that to you.” A mocha hand stroked the tears from her girlfriend’s face. “I couldn’t bear for you to hate me.”

Angela tutted, leaning back into Fareeha’s chest, head tucking perfectly beneath the Egyptian’s chin. “I could never hate you, Fareehali.”

I want you to have this

Chapter Summary

In which Fareeha writes a letter.

(This is the last sad chapter, thank you to everyone who stuck through all the lows in this story. You made it.)

Angela's hands shook as she opened the letter. The manila envelope was bulky and had various stamps and insignias on the front declaring each country and mail route it had to cross to reach the small house she shared with her wife and children. She pulled out another stack of envelopes and flipped through them until she found one marked 'My Mercy.' With a steadying breath she flipped it over and untucked the flap.

To my wonderful, patient and beautiful wife,

I truly hope with every fiber of my being that this letter is never sent. That you never read these words. That you never have to sit there with your heart quivering, already deducing the point of this.

Yes, ya amar. If you are reading this, I have broken the vows I made to you on our wedding day. My promises to protect you from pain, to keep your eyes dry and to always ensure clear skies ahead.

If you are reading this, I will not be coming home.

It's chilling to realize this will be your final correspondence from me, that these will be the words you inevitably and unintentionally memorize. It's terrifying to know that I am causing you so much pain, for once a pain that you cannot mend.

Know that I will forever be with you. I'll be there in Kamaj when he picks a fight with someone for hurting his brother or making Adie cry. I'll be by your side in Ansel as he holds your hand while rambling about his day. I'll be there in Adie as she geeks on about applications for her tech, grin so bright it could light a room.

I want you to have these thoughts to carry you through the next few days, weeks, even months and

years. Think of the lives we've created, the lives we've touched. Think of the smiles and laughter and silly picnics by the lake.

I want you to have this letter should you need reminding of my love for you, my devotion. You were, from the beginning, the very breath of my soul. You are everything I could have ever asked for in a partner, a best friend, a wife. You took every challenge life threw at you and twisted it on it's head to make something amazing. I have no doubt that given time, you'll do the same with my death.

Be strong for me. Be strong for our children. Be strong for yourself.

I've included three more letters for the children. Please be with them when they read them. I know you are strong, I know you would rather be alone to take in my words, process them, grieve. But please be with them. They'll need you now more than ever.

They'll need their fearless mother who stood up for them through everything. They'll need Mercy.

All of my love and deepest regrets,

Fareeha

The letter fell to the floor, shaking hands losing their grip on the thick paper.

A broken sob echoed throughout the empty home.

I'll still be here when you're ready

Chapter Summary

In which Fareeha waits.

No warnings apply.

“Angela, come on.” There was definitely no whine in Fareeha’s voice. She shot a glare to the cackling Hana sitting on the couch. The young girl instantly quieted herself, going back to her game on the flatscreen.

“I’m almost done!” Angela called back. Fareeha huffed and flopped onto the couch, snatching up the second controller on the floor.

“Sure. I’ll be here when you’re ready.” Fareeha held the button to enter her into the game. “And in an hour when she’s finally done,” She said out of the corner of her mouth to the silently laughing Hana, “I’ll *still* be here.”

It brings out your eyes

Chapter Summary

In which Angela has the most beautiful blue eyes.

Warnings: Smut, rough play

(This is the last smut chapter, aren't you guys glad? Thank you for sticking with me, I love each and every one of you. If you want the music I wrote this to, here you go: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RZFF9IYHn_c)

A feather on skin, tracing lines of sculpted muscle, gooseflesh left in its wake as it ghosted over mocha abs and silk ropes. A quivering breath as it passed full lips. White-gold hair tickling Fareeha's stomach as she felt warm lips along the feather's path. Fareeha bit down on her lower lip, straining against the binds that held her firm to the bedposts, aching to touch, to hold. A small laugh from somewhere to her left as Angela took in the state of her wife. Fareeha blinked beneath the tie over her eyes, her head turning toward the sound. Her hips stuttered as a cool hand brushed over the hardlight strapon sat atop her apex.

A hand smoothed over her straining arm. "Now now, Liebe. Why are you so anxious?" There was an infuriating grin in Angela's words. Fareeha's chest rumbled with a low growl earning her another soft giggle. Fingertips trailed up the shaft before brushing over the head and Fareeha thrust her hips into the touch. "Ah ah." Angela cooed in warning as her hand pulled away, leaning down to kiss the pouting lips of her wife. "Be good."

A frustrated huff passed over Angela's cheek as she pulled away to sit up, fingers trailing over the swell of Fareeha's left breast. Angela gave a tug at the rope twisted over the soft mound, streaks of pleasure radiating through Fareeha's chest at the motion. Her hips bucked again. Another infuriating chuckle. "If you can't control yourself, this past hour will have been for nothing," Angela warned. "I'll leave you like this until you've learned your lesson." A pinch of a nipple at the threat.

Fareeha bit down on the whimper that nearly escaped, forcing herself to remain quiet and still. Another teasing twist to her left nipple and then the wet heat of Angela's mouth as she suckled the abused flesh, tongue folding over the stiff peak. Fareeha couldn't stop the cry as she arched into Angela's mouth. Angela caught her between her teeth, the chuckle from the blonde vibrating the skin. A tug and Angela sat up.

The moments crawled, turning into minutes. Fareeha gave her nose a few scrunches, trying to move the blindfold to double check if her wife did indeed leave her as she'd threatened. Another frustrated huff as she couldn't make it budge, the exhale turning to a sharp gasp as a blazing heat

dropped over her shaft. Eyes bulged behind the tie and before she could cry out, a hand covered her mouth, fingers and thumb applying a firm pressure to her jaw. Fareeha's pants were short and quick through her nose, trying to get as much oxygen into her lungs as Angela began to move her hips.

Pleasured little noises fell from Angela's lips as she slowly rode her wife, one hand silencing the Egyptian and the other fisting around a knotting of ropes between her breasts, using the grip as leverage. Her knees clenched against Fareeha's sides, thighs flexing as she raised herself, teasing the tip with the barest of brushes.

"I feel you may take it as a reward if I allow you too much pleasure. You *did* disobey me, after all." She released the grip on Fareeha's jaw, both hands sliding to tweak the woman's nipples. "If you can be good for two minutes, I'll give you a prize."

The words had their desired effect. Fareeha instantly calmed, strained muscles relaxing as her limbs accepted their confinement. The relaxation spurred Angela into action. Her hips teasingly swayed as she lowered herself once more, mouth closing over a nipple, her free hand tugging at the ropes to tease the heated flesh below. Fareeha took her bottom lip between her teeth the moment Angela did the same to her nipple, both fighting back moans. Angela sat up and reached behind her, fingers flicking over Fareeha's clit on a particularly firm sweep of hips. "Just a bit longer, Liebe," Angela whispered, her finger picking up speed as it teased the swollen bundle of nerves. She could feel Fareeha's thighs trembling beneath her, unable to clench but trying, fighting against the restraints and her own will to be good for her mistress.

"Three." Angela began to count, a firm swipe of fingers against clit.

"Two." She continued, muscles clenching around the cock buried deep within her.

"One." She whispered against Fareeha's lips. "I'm proud of you, Fareeha. You did very well." The stuttering breath from her wife brushed against her lips, a keening sob escaping with it.

"Please." The word was barely louder than her breath, muscles bunching against the straps around her wrists. Angela looked up, stroking her fingers along Fareeha's jaw. She pulled herself from the toy, knees inching backward until she hovered above Fareeha's thighs.

"You *did* do very well, pet. I suppose you have earned your prize." Instantly there were fingers against the tie, loosening the knot. Fingertips brushed away the tears that had collected against her damp cheeks before her hand snaked up to the strap confining Fareeha's right arm. "Easy now." She reminded as she helped her wife lower her arm, mindful of the strained muscles.

When it seemed that Fareeha had a good enough grasp of her eyesight and the tingles in her arm had receded, Angela moved further down the bed to settle between the spread legs of her wife. She watched Fareeha's face as she darted out her tongue to trace the veins of the toy. Dark, sooty eyes shot to her own, blown wide from the darkness of the blindfold and arousal. Without breaking eye contact, Angela sank down over the impressive cock, moaning as the tip brushed the back of her throat.

Fareeha's hand was in her hair immediately, forcing the toy deeper into her wife's throat. A slight gag from the blonde, but no safetap. Fareeha's senses were divided between the sucking, grasping heat of her wife's mouth and throat and the hands against her hip and thigh, waiting for that quick triple tap that meant Angela needed to pause. Angela pulled back and gulped down a breath before sinking even further, nose nearly brushing against Fareeha's pelvic bone. Fareeha's hand caught the hair behind Angela's head and with a firm pull and quick thrust, she was fully seated within Angela's throat. She gave a few more thrusts before tilting Angela's head back to lock eyes with her wife once more.

"You know," Fareeha said between panting gasps. Her wife's face was beginning to darken, but there was no safetap, so she held her, even as her eyes began to water. "Having you like this, those red cheeks," a tear slipped past a quickly blinking eye. "It really brings out your eyes." One more firm thrust and she was pulling Angela from the toy, dragging her up to kiss her between sharp breaths. Fareeha moaned into the open mouthed kiss, tongue darting out to tease against Angela's, savoring the taste of the blonde's essence. Dark fingers dug into soft flesh as she gripped Angela's jaw. Umber eyes bore into her's as Angela was pushed away, hand trailing down over a creamy breast to rest on her hip.

"Are you ready for more, Liebe?" Angela breathed, face and neck returning to their normal complexion. Before Fareeha could respond, Angela was moving the dark, muscled arm back to its strap. The Egyptian moaned softly in the back of her throat, nearly a purr as she felt dextrous hands at her ankles. Angela untied one strap from the footboard, hands massaging bunched muscles as she bent Fareeha's knee, bringing the rope up to tie amongst the intricate weaving across Fareeha's body. She slowly repeated the action with the other leg and sat back to admire her work. Fareeha lay spread open, ankles tucked against her asscheeks, sweat coating her body as her mind raced along the various ways Angela could use this position to make the pilot crumble.

Fareeha's chest shot off the bed as two fingers stroked her soaked folds, a sound tearing from her throat that she could not recall ever making. Her thighs quivered as one finger slipped inside, bumping against the vibrator that had been nestled against her cervix for the entirety of their play. A second finger joined the first, gripping and pulling the vibrating toy from within her shaking hole. The toy was flicked off and tossed off the bed in short fashion, fingers moving to take its place within her tight heat. Angela's tongue was against her clit and sucking the bit of flesh, fingers pumping against the tightening muscles. At a telltale hitch of breath from the bound woman, Angela pulled away completely.

“Not just yet, love. The other one is staying in.” Angela crooned, fingers teasing at the woman’s clenched ass. Fareeha whimpered as the realization set in, hips rolling, searching for those glorious fingers. A flick of tongue against her wet folds kept Fareeha *right there* but not allowing her the release she so desperately needed.

Angela’s soft giggle was both maddening and alluring.

“How many do you think you could give me, *ya amar*,” Angela said, a sultry Swiss accent on the Arabic phrase. A small whine from her wife’s throat made Angela bite back a laugh and give a firm swipe of her thumb against Fareeha’s clit. “Three?”

The answering sob nearly made Angela come. She moaned as she dropped her mouth to Fareeha’s opening, nose brushing against clit. She sucked a glistening lip into her mouth and gave a slight tug before pulling away. “Three would be your new record, shall we try for that?” There were no words, only a garbled moan as Fareeha nodded, eyes clenched shut, her face turned into her taut shoulder.

Two fingers were within her and a firm tongue on her clit within seconds. Angela’s hand moved slowly but with purpose, her fingers crooking to brush teasingly against Fareeha in just the right way, tongue slipping down to lap at the juices pooling in her hand. “Perfect...” Angela moaned before giving a firm suck to Fareeha’s clit, tongue flicking over it quickly.

Fareeha crashed, pleasure coursing through her as she came with a shout. Angela didn’t slow instead she leaned back to pump her hand faster and when Fareeha’s muscles unclenched she added a third finger, thumb of her free hand pressing hard against her clit. She was hit with a second orgasm immediately, toes curling against the sheets, arms pulling tight against the straps, the headboard creaking under the pressure.

Angela moaned as her fingers were nearly forced from her wife, muscles clenching tightly against her hand. She gave a comforting caress of Fareeha’s thigh and hip as she slipped one hand around her bound leg to smooth over the flushed skin of her stomach. She let Fareeha have a few breaths before she moved, hand gripping the forgotten strapon and giving a delicious squeeze while simultaneously giving a teasing tug to the string of beads in Fareeha’s tight ass.

A broken cry fell from Fareeha’s lips before she sank her teeth into her bicep. Angela pumped her hand a few more times. The other hand’s thumb was looped in the ring at the end of the beads and she tugged gently, fingers returning to the quivering pussy before her. The three stimulations sent Fareeha crashing once more, screamed moan ending in a yell that morphed to a begging plea.

“I can’t-” She cried, voice cracking from strain. “Please, I can’t do anymore.”

Angela crawled up the bed, nestling between Fareeha’s legs to drop a kiss on the head of the strapon, fingers at her vagina not slowing their ministrations. “Come on soldier, give me one more.” She sank her mouth over the cock.

The tight, blazing heat of Angela’s mouth, the fingers probing her, the anal beads clinking against themselves deep within her, the commanding tone of Angela’s order. It all culminated into a final, quivering, shouted orgasm that drew Fareeha’s body in on itself as much as the straps holding her arms and the ropes around her legs would allow.

With an evil glint in her eye, Angela crooked her fingers once more, earning a whimpered sob, weak orgasm and a panted “Achilles” from her wife. The blonde withdrew her hand and sat back, gentle hands parting Fareeha’s knees to gain access to the strap on. Deft fingers flipped the button and all sensations from the toy stopped transmitting, earning a relieved sigh from the Egyptian.

Angela slowly released the knots and ties over Fareeha’s body, warm hands smoothing angered flesh and muscles as she worked. Lastly, with an apology and request for help, the beads were slipped from Fareeha and the woman was dragged into the arms of her angel.

I hope you like it

Chapter Summary

In which Adie gives her moms a gift.

No warnings apply.

An unneeded knock at the door preceded its opening. Adie stepped through into the small entryway, large gift bag in one hand. The home was quiet, sunlight filtered in through the open curtains, the smell of sandalwood and disinfectant meeting her and bringing back every good memory of her childhood. Appropriate then, that she had decided on this particular gift.

She found her mothers in the den, curled up on the couch together, frail bodies cuddling together. “Hey mama, hey mami.” Adie said as she stepped into the room, voice elevated so her aged parents could hear her.

Angela looked up with surprise in her eyes, an excited yelp coming from her as she swatted Fareeha’s arm so she could scoot over to make enough room for their daughter between them. Adie moved to the empty cushion and sat, dragging the bag onto her lap.

“I made something for you,” She said as she pulled the tissue wrapped book from the bag. “I hope you like it.” She leaned back and nestled in her parents’ arms, feet up on the edge of the coffee table to give the book support as she pulled the tissue away. A golden embossed 50 sat on the cover of the large book. Adie and the boys had thought long and hard on what to do for their parents’ celebration of fifty years of marriage. The usual party too much for Fareeha who’d taken to bouts of flashbacks at any sudden sounds or flashing lights, her dementia getting worse as the years ticked on. The children had settled on the scrapbook leaning against Adie’s thighs.

She opened the book and grinned at the gasps from her mothers. A frail, dark hand moved forward, fingers shakily brushing over the wedding portrait that sat on the center of the first page. It was a beautiful thing, a grayscale closeup of the two as they leaned together, foreheads touching and lips smiling, the love clear in their eyes. Superimposed in the background was them at the altar, Angela’s beaded gown sweeping down the steps, Fareeha’s tailed tux dark against the background.

Angela’s soft sob could be heard as she leaned her head on Adie’s shoulder before flicking her fingers, a sign that she wanted the page turned. Her daughter obliged, leading them through page after page of their lives together. Their anniversaries, the pregnancy with the twins, their birth, their lives, Adie’s own arrival. Family vacations, trips to theme parks, trick-or-treating and growth charts. It was all here, their lives, their love.

Lithe limbs wrapped around the dark haired woman and she cried, happy to have shared this trip with the two best mothers in the world.

I love you

Chapter Summary

In which it happens.

No warnings apply.

It was time, she was through with beating around the bush. She walked into the room, dropped her bag, and said as clearly as possible, “I love you.”

The woman on the couch turned, smile on her face. “I know.”

I want to say a huge thank you to all of my wonderful, amazing readers.

I could not have done this without the constant encouragement from you in the comments, with your kudos and with your bookmarks.

You are truly the best.

As a thank you, I'll be extending your favorite chapters into their own ficlets, so please comment on this chapter with your favorite and I'll do my best to get them all done.

If you enjoyed my writing style, my Pharmercy canon I subjected upon you all or just reading something to distract you from your day to day, I will be uploading more, so no worries, friends.

Thank you again from the bottom of my little bird heart,

~Luna

End Notes

Please leave your thoughts as any words can be helpful. :) If you enjoyed, please share!

Feel free to find me on Tumblr for chats and other weird stuff: <https://lunari-solaris.tumblr.com/>

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